

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada, Alaska & Newfoundland

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

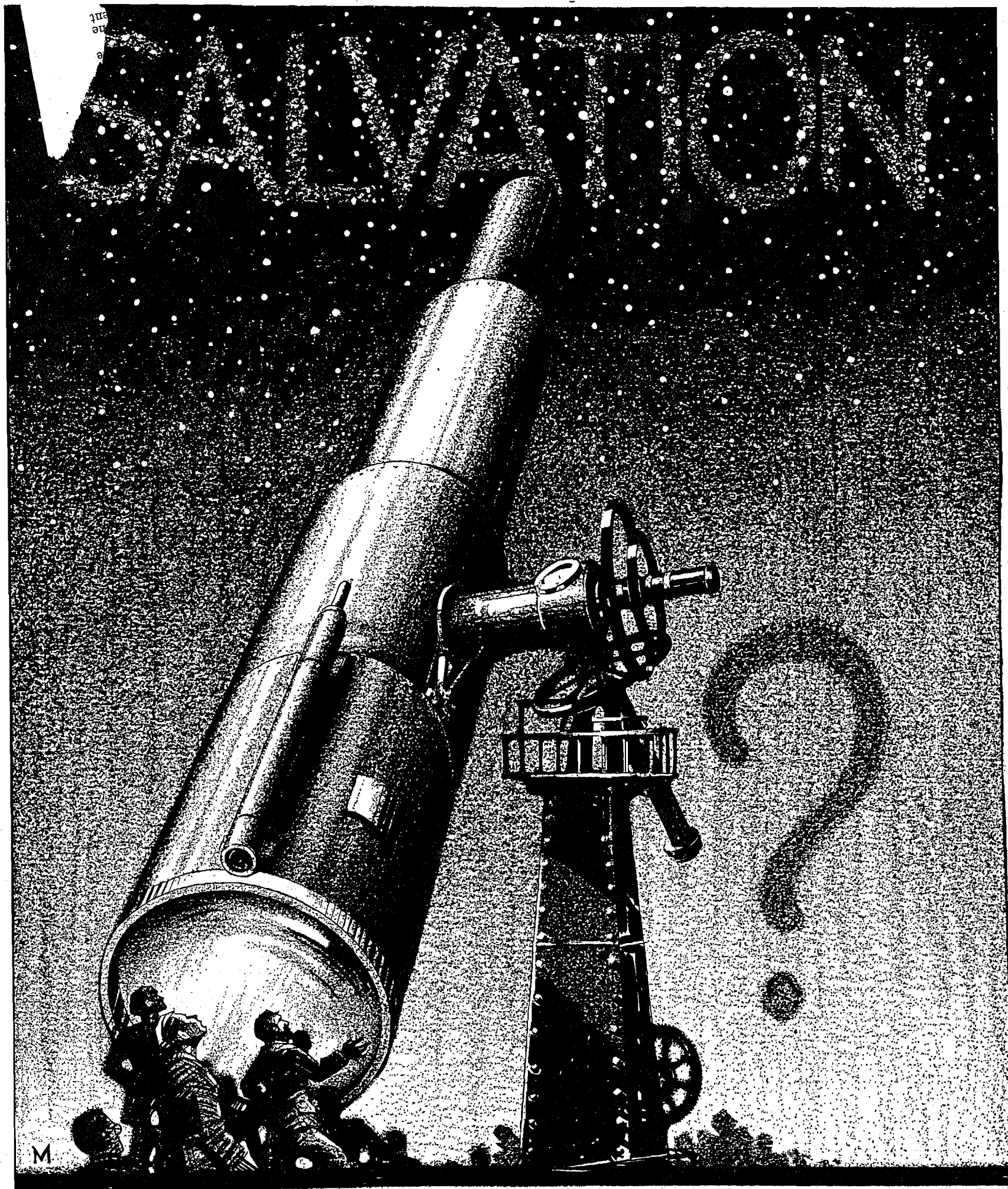
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Edward J. Higgins
General

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TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1932

JAMES HAY, Commissioner



A Problem While You Wait for the Eclipse.

Can You Solve this Mystery? (See page 2)

EVERYBODY is searching for something—for love, for life, for wealth, for health, for satisfaction of this craving or that—for something. It is a worthy hunt, now and again; it is indifferent, often; it is unworthy, too often. What are you seeking? Is the query too pointed—too pertinent? We trust you will not think us impertinent.

For some the search is over and past. Years of desperate seeking, with a devotion worthy of the noblest of objectives, have resulted only in disillusionment and disappointment. Now, with cynical recklessness they avow disbelief in anything, in everything.

LOOKING: WHICH WAY?

Where will you search for Salvation? How are you aided—and why?

Our Artist has Set You a Problem

Their last state is worse than the first. But even for such there is hope and many have found the way back to faith and peace. Some have resolved to try again and again, though the result is ever far from satisfying. Maybe you who read these lines have tried again and again refusing to despair, though tempted oft to give up the struggle. Have you ever questioned the means, the method, you have

adopted in your search? Possibly a little inquiry along that line may correct matters.

Our artist has given us, on page one, something of a mystery picture. We wonder if our readers could help us to solve it. As we see it the search is there indicated. Is it a wise one? Are the best means being adopted to the end in view? Is the best use being made of the aid which is at hand?

Let the reader think it out for himself. We invite contributions addressed to the Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and we will

publish the paper which is considered to be the best description of the artist's intention. Do not be content with a superficial reading of the presentation given on our frontispiece. Dig into it, and get its full meaning and lesson. It promises to be well worth while.

Someone says he is no hand at art.

We reply that the artist's intention is to arouse the interest of the man in the street, and he has kept his work strictly within that realm. Another may add that he is no good at puzzles. Our reply is that this is not a puzzle in the usual sense. Anyone should be able to outline a solution.

Light from Heaven will attend all who seek it, with the object of discovering the fullest interpretation, and we are seeking the very best that can be extracted from the opportunity here presented.

Our hope is that we may receive every paper by August 27th.

REFLECT!

WHILE "Cry" selling the other day, I suddenly saw a brilliant light; it shone like a blazing ruby, and drew me inquisitively on. I thought, maybe, someone had dropped a precious jewel, and here I saw it lie flashing and burning in the sun. Judge of my surprise, on reaching the spot, to discover that an old piece of broken glass had caught the rays of the setting sun, and was thus bathed in a supernatural glow.

We are all reflectors. Many a plain, simple life, like that portion of broken glass, can reflect the light of a noble character, and often, when the scorching, blazing sun of affliction or trial descends, reflect even brighter. Truth and goodness reflected in man or woman will light up the darkest corners of the world we live in.—R.O.

THE closing of a radio series of morning devotions led a Toronto minister, the other day, to mention, in his prayer—"the grey dust of care." How significant is the suggestion contained in those five simple words! Dust! Care! Grey dust!

And dust, in a house, indicates neglect. Go into a long-closed room and see how the enshrouding ghostliness, the all-but-intangible deposit of minute particles of matter, having found admittance, has, soundlessly drifting, in a ceaseless downpouring, manifested itself at length in a covering which is inches thick, and now obvious to every beholder.

Something of this kind happens wherever Care is given opportunity, by reason of neglect, to assemble its forces and to take possession, all undeterred.

Far worse than the accumulation of material detritus, however, is that similar down-drift of tiny cares, the attrition wrought by anxiety whereby its nearly nebulous attenuations, coming to lie one beside another, one upon another, become at last a very cloak—a fitting, a close-fitting garment, characterising the wearer to the complete disguising of his former self.

Have you not known such dusty folks? Have you watched them over a period of time to note how they have changed? Have you been keen enough to observe how you have altered yourself? Where does this Dust of Care manifest itself worst? Why, in the place where you keep your ideals! Especially is it noticeable where you have neglected to keep watch and a busy duster.

BEWARE of the GREY DUST OF CARE!

A Stirring Challenge to those whose ideals have lost the color of a joyous optimism

GET BUSY WITH THE DUSTER!

Just as the beautifully-colored bits of art displayed in a room, and giving joy to the possessor and every beholder, while affording every discerning eye a true index to the kind of folks occupying the house, so do the ideals enshrined in the secret heart of a man betoken themselves characteristically in his doings, his words, for these express his thoughts.

Yet declension is observable, sometimes; the brighter hues of hope and confidence are dulled. Why? The Grey Dust of Care is there. Neglect of prayer, of faith, of vigorous stir-up of holy gifts, and the ideals are enshrouded, their beauty fading into the all-too-common huelessness of grey dust.

Out on you! Up with you! Bestir yourself! Get busy with the duster of the grace of God and let your colors show, your light shine, your life be lived—fully, determinedly, hopefully, helpfully, to the glory of God and the blessing of your fellow!

Who wants a dry-as-dust saint?

Who wants an anxious, care-ridden companion? No one! The world has need of shining-faced, happy-hearted, bright-eyed, generous-fisted optimists who are not afraid. You may be one of these; but you'll need to dust your ideals and entirely rid yourself of the Grey Dust of Care, first of all.

WATCH!

There are four "T's" so apt to run,
'Tis best to set a watch upon

Our Thoughts—

Off when alone, they take their wings,
And light upon forbidden things.

Our Temper—

Who in the family guards it best
Soon has control of all the rest.

Our Tongues—

Know where to speak, yet be content
When silence is most eloquent.

Our Time—

Once lost, ne'er found; who yet can say
He's overtaken yesterday?

Daily Meditations

A WAKING PRAYER:

"We look up to Thee, O God, on waking this day, to say 'Thank You!' and to offer our service anew. Keep us looking up the whole day long.—Amen."

SUNDAY

What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?—John 6:28.
Give me, within the work which calls to-day,
To see Thy finger gently beckoning on;
So struggle grows to freedom, work to play,
And toils begun from Thee to Thee are done.
Let us sing Song No. 438.

MONDAY

I will be glad, and rejoice in Thy mercy; for Thou hast considered my trouble; Thou hast known my soul in adversities.—Ps. 31:7.
Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned—
Each drop that fills my daily cup;
Thy hand Prescribes for ills none else can understand.
All, all is known to Thee.
Let us sing Song No. 440.

TUESDAY

For this is the will of God, even

your sanctification.—1 Thes. 4:3.

Between us and Thyself remove
Whatever hindrances may be,
That so our inmost heart may prove
A holy temple, meet for Thee.
Let us sing Song No. 610.

WEDNESDAY

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh. 8:10.
Be Thou my Sun, my selfishness destroy,
Thy atmosphere of Love be all my joy;
Thy presence be my sunshine ever bright,
My soul the little mote that lives but in Thy light.
Let us sing No. 384.

THURSDAY

The Lord taketh pleasure in His people: He will beautify the meek with Salvation.—Ps. 149:4.
Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity.
Let us sing No. 333.

FRIDAY

I the Lord will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.—Isa. 41:13.
I take Thy hand; and fears grow still;
Behold Thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?
Let us sing Song No. 183.

SATURDAY

I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.—John 17:4.
She hath done what she could.—Mark 14:8.
He who God's will has borne and done,
And his own restless longings stilled;
What else he does, or has foregone,
His mission he has well fulfilled.
Let us sing Song No. 850.

GOD'S CALL

How true it is that, till God speaks to the heart of man, man cannot understand the language of God which is uttered around him, and over him, and beneath him! As there are times when we stand in the midst of nature as if we were in a church, when a joyful song of praise is springing from each breast, and we cannot help but sing also, being drawn into the stream of devotion and carried along with it—so at other times know how mute all creations seem to us, as though all pursued its way alone without a hand in heaven to guide it! All depends upon whether God speaks in us.

F O O L ' S T A L K : Are YOU to Blame for Anyone Doubting GOD ?

IN EVERY age God has had witnesses gladly prepared to die for their belief in Him.

Yet this being so, it remains that right through history, even in the world's most enlightened periods there have lived men who, with imprecations, defied God's authority or denied His existence. They lived in David's day, and he answered their impious assertions with the stern observation that "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" Joel met them in his day with indignation, and turning to his disquieted countrymen asked, "Wherefore should they say among the people, 'Where is their God?'"

The inability to appreciate the existence of a God, a rightful Governor of all things, must be attributable to something. Some mental or spiritual faculty must surely have ceased to function before this lack of responsiveness to the working of the Divine becomes apparent in a man who was made to be incomplete without intercourse with God. But what is responsible? "What grounds have they?" queries Joel "for questioning the existence of God among the people. Why do they, and why should they do so?"

Has his question ever been answered? Infidelity would almost appear to be a mental or spiritual infirmity. From whence did it spring?

It is quite conceivable that some men by the wickedness of their lives and the perversity of their hearts come to sincerely wish that there were no just God, no penalty for sin, and no life hereafter, and it is just as reasonable to believe that in some instances the wish becomes father to the thought and the ability to know and experience God is lost in the overpowering desire not to know Him.

Again, it is quite practical to accept the explanation of some that over-much sorrow and anxiety have destroyed their belief in a God of Love, or in a God of any kind. Their experience confirms the suggestion that sorrow is to faith what wind is to a flame, it puts a little out but fans a lot to greater intensity. Some of the dearest saints we know have in the midst of fierce affliction tightened their grasp on the Divine helper, in their trials have nestled closer to Him, and by them have become what they are. How different are they from those irresolute ones who have allowed care to overwhelm them, and in trouble have discarded the beliefs of childhood, and discountenanced the assertions of their inner consciousness, denying the God who bought them!

Probing Mysteries

Of another order are the intellectuals who inquisitively probe the mysteries of God and creation, and because they cannot comprehend all, declare belief in God to be a delusion. In vain has the Word of God explained that "as the Heavens are higher than the earth so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts." Instead of trusting in God they could not understand, their hungry intelligences have juggled with the mysteries of the Godhead until they have become marooned in a morass of a doubt and difficulty, finding themselves hopelessly floundering in unbelief.

These factors have, doubtless, existed, but we must frankly acknowledge that a considerable amount of professed infidelity has its cause in the inconsistencies of God's people. This is the reason why Joel turns to the priests and ministers of the people with his inquiry. He recognized

that hypocrisy was dishonoring to God; that numerous meaningless prayers that merited and found no answers were likely to destroy faith in Him; that by professing to know certain things to be God's will and yet to continually do certain other things at which He was supposed to grieve were calculated to give good grounds for doubt to those sceptically inclined; that by talking as if they believed in judgment and retribution and acting as if they did not, God's people did more to injure His cause and dishonor His name than could be estimated.

Proof Required

We would, doubtless, call a man a fool who found three or four clocks at variance, and then declared that there was no such thing as time. We are inclined to call the man a fool who finds some professors disloyal and then says there is no God, but in spite of his folly and without lessening his own responsibility in the matter God holds us responsible toward him. He calls upon us to make full proof of our ministry. Proof has ever been more powerful than argument. God Himself required proof of

Adam's love in the keeping of one command. The Jews frequently asked Jesus for a sign.

Men say there is no God! Perhaps it is because we have failed to show by the constancy, devotion, and conduct of our lives that there is a God, and that He is all goodness, purity, and love.

A Worthy Ideal

Jesus called His followers "lights of the world," and He expects us to send a gleam of light across the gloaming that is enshrouding the minds of many around us. Whether they foolishly depended on their own intellectual powers, or madly faced sorrow and trial without His aid, whether their own wrong-doing or our unfaithfulness has made them what they are, we have a responsibility toward all who sit in darkness. To entirely forsake all that is wrong or even doubtful, to ever cleave to all that is pure and good, to live and to do God's will in Holiness and righteousness all the days of our life—that is a worthy ideal. Let us see that we are wholly guiltless toward those who say in their hearts, "There is no God."

A BRIGHT SUNSET

With Calm Westering Sky at the Aged Men's Home

Major Colin Campbell (R), who has been looking after the Aged Men's Home, in Toronto, in the absence of Major and Mrs. Tuck, on furlough, writes as follows:

"At present there are twenty-six men in the Home, ranging from seventy to eighty-five years of age, mostly pensioners. There is room for about twenty more. For comfort, and the privilege of spending their last days on earth happily, and making preparation for a better home, they could not want anything better.

"Meetings are conducted every Sunday morning and on Thursday evenings. Frequently something special in the way of singing and instrumental music is arranged for the aged inmates, and those who can are given the opportunity of giving their testimony.

"Recently Mrs. Commandant Barry (R), and Mrs. Major Campbell (R), took part in the meetings, and their talks were greatly appreciated.

"I have enjoyed my experience in looking after the Home very much."
—Colin Campbell, Major.

BELIEVING AND DOING

"If you are good without knowing why, you might just as well be bad," says Socrates. All you do rests on some belief or unbelief. Some part of your time you believe, some part you don't; for instance, you tell the truth because you believe in God—or you don't tell the truth because it doesn't do in business! Is that so? Think it out for yourself.

"WHAT AM I HERE FOR?"

THE FOUNDER

Answered His Own Question and Set Up a Standard for all Salvationists

ON ONE occasion The Army Founder was anxious to place the claims of the suffering before a number of distinguished and influential Scotsmen. For this purpose he travelled to Dunfermline, where he addressed an important gathering, with the Provost in the chair, and councillors, clergy, and leading citizens on the platform.

At the time of this engagement, one of The Army's trophies, a man known as "Wingy," who had recently been saved from a life of notorious wrongdoing, was lying ill in the local hospital, thus being denied the much-longed-for privilege of seeing his beloved Leader.

The suggestion was made to Commissioner Lawley that the General might be able to go and see "Wingy." The faithful and somewhat anxious Commissioner replied that the General was busy and also very frail. His sight was failing, and he thought that his time and strength could not wisely be taxed further than it had been by the journey and the meeting.

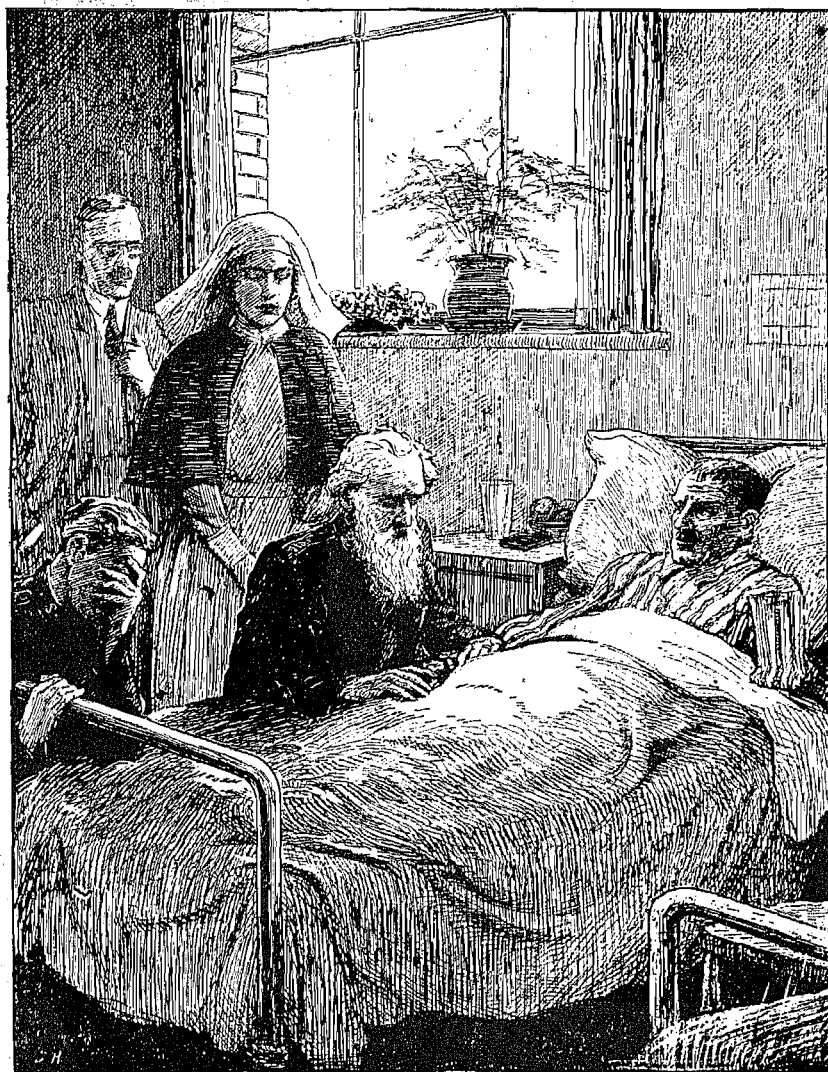
He put the request, however, before his Chief.

"Well, Lawley," said the General, "what am I here for but to help my people if I can?" Arrangements were quickly made for a brief visit to the hospital.

Arrived at the institution, the General was conducted through the ward to the old convert's bed, where the sin-scarred face appeared in telling contrast against the snow-white sheets and pillow.

In days of desperate wickedness, "Wingy" had lost one of his arms, hence his nickname. The Founder, after speaking a few kindly words, took the remaining hand in his own and knelt down by the bedside to pray.

Doctor, matron, and nurses stood wondering and reverent while the voice of the old General reached out to the Father of all men, as The

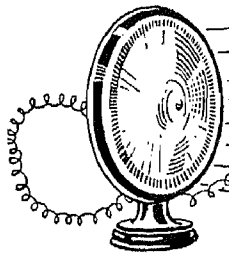


Gazing "Wingy's" remaining hand, The Army Founder made that hospital ward the footstool of the Throne of Grace

Army's Leader made the cottage hospital serve as the footstool of the eternal throne.

To the Corps Officer who was present those were never-to-be-for-

gotten moments. Their memory as an ever-ing love for the l-Booth, ed constantly in



Hear This Good News

Salvation is Stirring Proclaimed; Conviction is Spreading; Souls
are Surrendering at the Mercy-Seat! Hallelujah!

DYING MAN PARDONED

Ere He Enters "The Land That is Fairer Than Day"

Songster week-end meetings were conducted at DANFORTH (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay) by Honorary Bandmaster Graves, from Oshawa.

The Saturday Open-air and Knee-drill reached a record in attendance. The Holiness meeting was of an uplifting character, and blessing was received through the testimonies of the Songsters.

Word reached the Band from relatives of a man who had passed away that, a few days before his passing, whilst the Band was playing in the neighborhood, "There's a Land that is fairer than day," their loved one asked God to pardon him. He died with the knowledge of sins forgiven.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Bladin and Major Wilson for Divine guidance on the Economic Conference at Ottawa.

Much disappointment and sorrow has been felt in the unexpected passing of Sister Grace Sparks, whom we recently welcomed to the Corps. We knew her to be an out-and-out Salvationist, and had held high hopes for her usefulness in the Corps. Although young in years, our comrade had early ripened in the knowledge of things eternal and the influence of her saintly life will live on.—McL.

MEDICAL AID SECURED

Outpost operations are steadily going forward in connection with ARNPRIOR (Captain Medler and Lieutenant Crewe), and attendances have increased.

Recently, while conducting an Open-air meeting, Lieutenant Crewe secured prompt medical attention to a child which had met with an accident.

Sunday, July 31st, we had with us Envoy Simpson and Brothers McCorkell and Duff with us, and their help was much appreciated. In the afternoon we held an Open-air at Norway Bay.—G.S.

FAIR GROUND CAPTURE

An enthusiastic welcome to LLOYD-MINSTER (Captain and Mrs. Blue), was given Major and Mrs. Carruthers who gave us inspiring messages last Monday night. Among those present were some local ministers who joined us in prayer and testimony.

Recently one young man heard the grand message of Salvation at the Fair Grounds, in the Open-air, and sought the Saviour. The Lord is working in our town. Converts are selling "War Cries," Sergeant Scates and McArthur taking the lead. We thank the Lord for continual victory and progress.—Cor.

FIRST IN FORTY YEARS

The services of Deputy Bandmaster Hill, from Listowel were greatly appreciated at FERGUS (Lieutenants Rawlins and Breckenridge) during the week-end. On Sunday afternoon a program of music and song was given by the Guelph Band at the Rocks and the people greatly enjoyed it. Eight Open-airs in all were held over the week-end, one being held in a village where there had not been an Open-air meeting for over forty years.—J.B.

WELCOME TO MONTREAL

Sunday, July 31st, was the welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Smith to the MONTREAL MEN'S METROPOLE, conducted by Major Trickey, assisted by the Verdun Band. Before this meeting great crowds listened to the Open-air meeting when the Band played old hymn tunes.

Brigadier Smith gave the message to the men in the inside meeting and they were greatly impressed. We thank God for two surrenders in the prayer-meeting. The music of the Band was a treat to the men.—C.B.

SALVATION FOR THE CROWDS

The BROCK AVENUE (Ensign and Mrs. McMillan) Band and Songsters continue to have good meetings on Sunday afternoons in Dufferin Park, when over forty comrades take the message of Salvation to the crowds. The programs are arranged by Bandmaster Brookes and Songster-Leader Brown.

Sunday evening Brigadier and Mrs. Byers (R) conducted the memorial service of Brother John Boulton in the Citadel. In his quiet way this comrade had been a good Soldier, and Treasurer Orr (Todmorden) and Brother George Dixon (Danforth) both testified of his devotion to duty at their respective Corps. The writer who had known our promoted comrade for over forty years, visited him on his sick bed and always found him with a good testimony.—C.A.

D.C.'S FIRST VISIT

Sunday we were glad at FORT ROUGE to have Brigadier Ritchie with us; this being his first visit to one of the smaller Corps in Winnipeg. The Brigadier led the singing of some of the old songs, Brother Dann spoke a word of welcome to the Brigadier, as also did others. As we listened to the Brigadier we felt the blessing of God upon us. At the close one young girl came to the front for consecration.

In the evening meeting another seeker knelt at the Mercy-seat to ask God to come into his heart. God's love is wonderful. We believe that there are others in our midst who will soon taste the joys of Salvation.

We are doing some good Open-air work during the evenings and Captain Jackson is teaching large crowds of children Army choruses.

MUSIC AND MOSQUITOES

Last Wednesday evening the Vancouver Citadel Band paid a visit to NEW WESTMINSTER (Adjutant and Mrs. Waterstone, and gave a splendid program on the Albert Crescent, a green terrace overlooking the great bend in the Fraser River. While the Band played the comrades of our own Corps went about amongst the fine crowd of listeners and sold ice cream and strawberries. The mosquitoes were plentiful, but the music and refreshments kept the crowd in good humor.

Many thanks to the Citadel Band. We hope they come again.—Lindy.

WITH THE SALMON CANNERS

Encouraging progress is being made by The Army on the banks of the Skeena River, in Northern British Columbia. Despite recent strikes the sockeye salmon season opened this summer and our native comrades are having splendid Open-air meetings with the cannery employees. Many seekers are being saved and sanctified and God is working in our midst.

We are going on to further victories. Joseph Offutt, Envoy.

A HAPPY OUTLOOK

Each Sunday afternoon at SUMMER-SIDE, P.E.I. (Captain Walker, Lieutenant Lauteback) Salvation meetings are conducted in the Prince County Jail, with favorable results. Last Sunday two prisoners were found at the Mercy-seat.

On Saturday evening we had the pleasure of having a visit from Colonel McAmmond and Major and Mrs. Riches. We had a good attendance and God's presence was greatly felt.—A.McN.

BACK FROM THE CAMP

Our Scouts were welcomed home to REGINA WESTSIDE CORPS (Ensign and Mrs. O'Donnell) after spending ten days at Camp. Scout-Leader Proctor gave an interesting account of their doings at the Friday night meeting and spoke well of the behavior of the boys. Brother B. Varty spoke on behalf of the Corps.

The Sunday Holiness meeting was led by Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey, assisted by Ensign and Mrs. Coleman. Captain Martin led the Open-air which was held outside the home of a sick lad. Visitors from Winnipeg and other places, Brother Manson, of Medicine Hat, Lieutenant Cox from Innisfail, and an aged Sister of seventy-eight took part during the morning service.

The night Salvation meeting was led by Captain and Mrs. Steele, of Swift Current, and the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Lyons was dedicated. Sister Mephan soloed. We furnished the meeting with a Hallelujah wind-up.—B.W.

SUCCESSFUL BAND VISIT

At DUNNVILLE on Sunday we had the Dundas Band with us, under the able leadership of Bandmaster Simpson, and which rendered splendid music all day.

In the Holiness meeting, when Candidate Ivy Prior, of Dundas, took the lesson one seeker volunteered for re-consecration.

Sunday afternoon the Band and a number of comrades went to Port Maitland, and Sandy Bay, on the shores of Lake Erie, and held successful Open-air meetings.

The evening meeting, led by Bandmaster Simpson, was held in the 37th Haldimand Rifles Armouries, loaned for the occasion, after which the Band rendered a splendid program of music. Sergeant-Major Graham directed the Band through two items.—G.H.

SAT ON THE DRUM-STOOL

Recently the New Westminster Band visited FORT MOODY and held a splendid Open-air meeting. The comrades then repaired to the Gospel Hall, kindly loaned to us for the occasion. What a crush there was! The crowd packed the building and some of the Bandmen were severely cramped for room, the Bandmaster being compelled to sit on the drum-stool. Adjutant Waterstone led the meeting from a side door, but in spite of the general discomfort the crowd enjoyed the music immensely.

We certainly hope to visit Port Moody again.—Lindy.

CIVIC WELCOME

To New Officers Who Were Musically Installed

At NEWMARKET, Captain and Mrs. Evenden were given a hearty welcome by the comrades and friends of the Corps. On a recent Sunday we were delighted by a visit from the Wychwood Band. In the evening a program of music was given,

A VETERAN HEROINE



MOTHER WARD, of London I, is 92 years of age, and says she wants to live another fifty years to continue her work of "War Cry" selling, and so on. She was unwell during the Spring, but God has graciously brought her around again, as fresh as before, and she had the honor of cutting the birthday cake at The Army's Jubilee Banquet held in London

after the usual church services. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Mayor, J. O. Little presided. He spoke of the splendid work of Captain Broom and the good work of The Army. He extended a hearty welcome, on behalf of the Council and townspeople, to Captain and Mrs. Evenden and voiced warm appreciation for the services of the Wychwood Band. We had Staff-Captain Keith with us all day Sunday, and many received much blessing.—Happy Outlook.

BLESSING AND STRENGTH

Thursday night at FORT WILLIAM was the welcome of our new Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Dorin. We had looked forward to this meeting and feel that they will be of great blessing and strength to us. Sergeant-Major Engdahl, Envoy Anderson and Young People's Sergeant-Major Reed gave hearty, welcome talks. Replies were given by Adjutant and Mrs. Dorin and Corps Cadet Bailey, of Saskatoon.

The Spirit of God was with us during the Sunday meetings. Mrs. Dorin gave a vivid view of the life of Holiness. In the Salvation meeting the Adjutant gave the message and God's convicting power was felt. We were glad to have with us Secretary Allan Chalk who is just recuperating from a serious illness.—Jo.

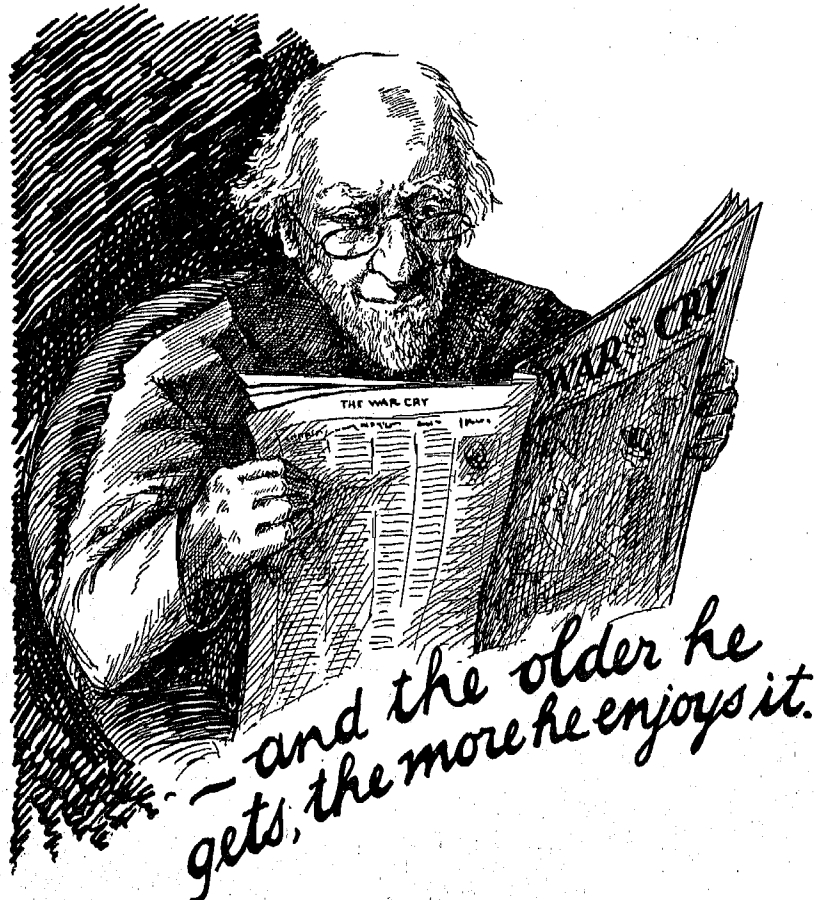
FORWARD TO VICTORY

Our new Officers, Captain Young and Captain Hillier, have been welcomed to YORKTON, Sask. Large crowds have attended all meetings, and much blessing has been received. We are looking forward to victory!

On Wednesday we had our Young People's picnic, at York Lake, when all who were in attendance had a wonderful time.—O.N.E.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

Ensign and Mrs. Everitt have been welcomed to Smith's Falls. Commandant and Mrs. Smith, of the Immigration Boys Home, recently said "good-bye" to us. They have been a great asset to the Corps whilst in Smith's Falls. Our Monday night meetings, conducted by the Young People, are being well attended. The Corps Cadets led the meetings last week-end. One boy sought Christ.



A TRIPLE HALL-MARK

Characterizes Sunset Lodge, Winnipeg, Where Major and Mrs. Allan are in Charge

IT IS RARELY, even in the ranks of The Army, that you will find the combination of married Officers better suited for institutional work than Major and Mrs. Allan, of Sunset Lodge, Winnipeg.

Mrs. Allan's beaming face and efficient manner at once proclaim her a Salvationist and a woman of business ability. And one cannot do business with her without feeling that here is a matron who knows her job from the ground floor up. The Major, less prominent as becomes the man of affairs behind the scenes at a Woman's Institution, is thoroughly capable in his own particular sphere of labor as agriculturalist, engineer, and a thousand and one other jobs necessary to a large institution.

The Major and his wife have had a wide experience in Army work, both as Corps and Institutional Officers. Nearly twenty years ago they were in charge of Western Corps, such as Kenora, Fort William, and Swift Current, farewelling from the last-named Corps to go on service in South Africa.

Here they occupied important positions in Corps of standing, and achieved good success in charge of Native Settlements which called for courage and devotion to duty. Many years of splendid service did our comrades see in this interesting country.

On their return to Canada, nearly three years ago, the Major and his wife were appointed to the charge of Kildonan Girls' Industrial Home, which benefited from their united labors, and when, two years ago, it was decided to turn the Institution into a Home for Aged Women, no better Officers could be found to take charge.

Under Mrs. Allan's motherly supervision the forty or more inmates of Sunset Lodge are made to feel thoroughly at home, and the Institution bears the triple hall-mark of cleanliness, kindness and happiness.

FELICITATIONS!

Captain Hunt, of Kenora, "Recruits" "a Continual Comrade"

An interesting event took place in the Training Garrison Auditorium, Winnipeg, just recently, when Major

A WEEKLY LETTER

TO MY PRISON FRIEND

No. 21.—"The Old Girl Won't Boss Me"

Dear Friend:

The Fifth Commandment—honoring your parents. Did you ever hear lads of fifteen to eighteen say, when speaking of their mother, "The old girl won't boss me," or a girl when speaking of her dad, "The old boy wants me in before eleven, and how?" We say, "Oh, but your parents know what is best." "Oh, yeah?" is the reply. "Nothing doing, you get me? Why I know every 'cop' around this joint, and let any of them get fresh with me, I'd just say 'Bozzo.' Now try and start something."

Now all this modern slang may sound just right to a certain class, but many of that certain class have said to me, in their saner moments, "I would like to have my mother with me to-day." On Mother's Day a tear drops when they remember how ungrateful they were to her. Or they say, "Dad was a good sport; he was always anxious about me. If I had only taken his advice, but now—"

When A—L— left Switzerland he had had a row with his dad. He made some cutting remark and left for Canada, where he thought he would have his freedom. In the great city of M— he wandered about, and when trying to get work often thought of the old homestead. He was too proud

to write and ask forgiveness. One day news came that his father had died very suddenly. Then he thought of how rashly he had acted. Everything seemed to go wrong; in a fit of depression he attempted to take his life. When arrested, and taken to the cell, he had not a friend to whom he could appeal.

Next morning, the writer, who is always at the court, saw him, and immediately appealed to the Judge on his behalf. After being told he could get a year with hard labor, he was handed over to our care.

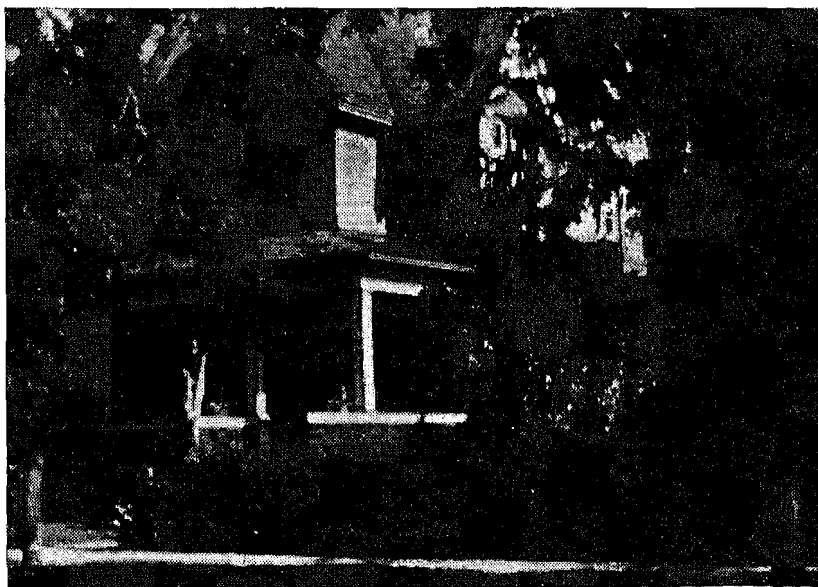
To-day A—L— is in an Ontario city, a capable linguist and a good employee. His letters are most cheering. Shortly after his arrival in K—, he addressed the Y.M.C.A. in that place.

Am I writing this letter to a "run-away"? Up till now you have thought you could not write back home. Well, just do that, and do not keep the old folks waiting. Their hearts are breaking. Yes, you should do that very thing before they "pass out." It will be too late, some day.

Will you send a line to me saying you have written? Here's hoping.

—N.R.T.

Next week, "S.H. up for murder."



Brandon Children's Home, in aid of which a successful Tag Day was recently held

felicitating the Captain and his bride.

Captain Hunt returns to Kenora, with his partner in the war, to renew his labors there for God and The Army. May the blessing of God be upon all their future days.

Captain Morris Thierstein and Lieutenant Mary Kell United in Marriage

A very interesting service was held in the Edmonton Citadel recently, when Captain Morris Thierstein and Lieutenant Mary Kell were united in marriage. The Hall, which was attractively decorated for the occasion, was well filled.

The bridal party entered to a bright march by the Band. Adjutant Thierstein conducted the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were supported by Captain Hill and Captain W. Ratcliffe.

Friendly greetings, received from many comrades and relatives, were read by Captain Ratcliffe. A beautiful solo, "Sunshine," was rendered by Staff-Captain Scott, before Captain and Mrs. Thierstein expressed their thanks to God for all His past blessings, and their determination to unitedly press forward to do more for the extension of His Kingdom.

Later, in the No. III Hall, a number

of Officers spoke of the work of both Captain and Mrs. Thierstein, and prayed God's blessing upon their married life.

After their furlough, Captain and Mrs. Thierstein will return to Calgary, where the Captain will resume his work in the Subscribers Department.

VANCOUVER SAYS "WELCOME!"

To New Divisional Commander and His Wife

FIRST impressions are said to be the best. If this is so, and the writer certainly thinks it is, then the first meeting of the Dalziels in Vancouver augured well for their stay on the Coast.

The Citadel was packed to the door with enthusiastic Salvationists. The spirit of the meeting was particularly one of freedom. There were no conventionalities. The Chairman, Major Gillingham, who since coming to Vancouver has had considerable experience in introductions and farewells, piloted the programme with tact and skill and each of the speakers was borne along by the spirit of freedom and all were very happy in their remarks.

To the vast majority of us the new

BRANDON'S TAG DAY

On Behalf of the Children's Home Meets With a Ready Response—The Mayor's Purchase

A Tag Day on behalf of the Brandon Children's Home, was held recently. It was a real success, \$167 being raised.

Captain Dale, of the Finance Department, helped in the organization of this the first venture of the kind, and Ensign Loughton also lent useful aid.

The majority of the taggers were Salvationists, but a number of interested "outsiders" also volunteered to help. One lady passed the remark that the taggers of The Children's Home were so attractive one could



Ensign McKay "tagging" the Mayor of Brandon, Sergeant-Major Dinsdale, M.P.P.

not pass by without buying a tag. Certainly His Worship the Mayor, who is none other than Sergeant-Major Dinsdale, M.P.P., could not. He was one of the first to be tagged.

Ensign Langford, Matron of the Home, is grateful to all who lend assistance.

A Preliminary Word to All!

LOOK OUT FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE "WAR CRY"

IT IS NOW ON THE PRESS



Captain Sherman Hunt who gave his name to Captain Doris Pickles

Dalziel, then the Divisional Commander for Manitoba Division, conducted the marriage of Captain Sherman Hunt, the Corps Officer at Kenora, to Captain Doris Pickles, of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

A splendid crowd of comrades and friends were present to show their interest and to bid the happy couple Godspeed on their new pathway.

The service was carried through with quiet dignity, and with that "family" spirit which is so characteristic of such occasions in The Army. Music and song, appropriate to the occasion, preceded the solemnization of the marriage by the Major.

A number of telegrams of congratulation were read, and following the closing and Benediction, comrades and friends had opportunity of

Officers were entire strangers and naturally we were on the alert when it came to their turn to speak.

Mrs. Dalziel was called upon first and from the start we were left in no doubt as to where she stood as regards her position in the work of The Army. Her remarks were characterized by unusual depth of spirituality and an entire absence of anything like officialism.

The Major, who said he would not "preach" as he would likely have lots of opportunity to do so in the future, gave a stirring and bracing address to which the huge audience responded enthusiastically. One could not escape the impression that Salvationism in Vancouver is a considerable force both in numbers and influence.—G.A.

Our Women's Realm



TOKENS OF GOD'S LOVE

Meditation for Vacation Days

God made the mountains lift
their heads
Above the clouds that dark the sky,
Speaking of majesty and power—
Their Maker's imprint, from on
high.

God grew the giant Douglas firs,
And other trees, wherever found,
To give man timber, bear him fruit,
And ornament, his home, around.

God painted all the lovely flowers
In garden fair, in field and dell;
He breathed into them, sweet per-
fume,
And sent them forth, His love to
tell.

God gave us all our feathered
friends—
Of modest wing, of plumage gay,
Of dulcet note or rapt'rous song—
To cheer each pilgrim on his way.

God made the num'rous other things
(Work of His providential hand),
That bless His creatures, meet their
needs,
And comfort them, in every land.

God gave a far more precious gift—
The Treasure of His matchless love;
To woo His children back to Him,
And fit them for the courts above.

God's earthly gifts are passing
things—
For man moves on — he cannot
stay;
God's love revealed on Calvary's
Cross,
Gives life that will abide for aye.

God's love is deeper than the sea,
And far transcends the thoughts of
man;
Written in lasting stains, of red,
And sealed in His redemptive plan.

Man's gift to God must be himself,
If he would in the glory live;
And, though our value may be small,
'Tis much to Him, when all, we
give.—

—David Shankland,
Envoy.

God made the wondrous firmament,
And all the myriad orbs of light;
The glorious sun that shines by day,
The morn and stars that shine by
night.

God made the wide expanse of space,
Wherein the planets freely roam—
So many million miles afar,
Within the vast ethereal dome.

God made the oceans deep and wide,
The seas and all that in them
dwell,
The rivers and the rivulets,
The funny tribes, and those in shell.

SHARING the MYSTERIES of the KITCHEN

LITTLE children look with wonder and delight upon the many things that Mother does to prepare a meal. But those of us who have grown older and are anxious to get our work done quickly seem to have almost forgotten that there is any mystery, anything to wonder at, in processes that have come to seem so commonplace.

When my own little boy, Edward, was only four or five he became much interested in watching what was going on in the kitchen. Often I let him tangle in things himself, and if you seen listening at such times you might have heard some very interesting remarks.

One day I was making a cake and he wanted to help. There was flour to sift.

"Let me do it, Mother! Let me do it all alone," he begged. And when he had sifted it very carefully he called to me, saying, "See, I have made it look just like Mt. Rainier."

Eggs were more difficult, but I found that when left to himself he could find rather original ways of handling them. I remember, in particular, once when we needed to separate the white from the yolk and the egg that we were to use was already cracked at one end. That presented a real problem. But after con-

sidering for a momene, he exclaimed delightedly, "I know what I'll do. I'll pull off some of the shell at the end where it is cracked and shake the white through."

He succeeded in doing this very nicely, and when the white had all come through, he made the hole larger and the yolk dropped out.

One of the greatest pleasures in making a cake was the setting of the alarm clock to ring when it would be time to take the cake from the oven. There was no danger then that we would forget and let the cake burn.

He took so much delight in helping with the baking and he went ahead with so much eagerness and confidence that little by little I let him assume more of the responsibility. I have tried to let him attempt things of increasing difficulty as he grew in skill. To-day he is ten and his interest still holds.

One day, a short time ago, he asked if he might prepare the dinner alone. That seemed quite an undertaking for there are five in our family. We planned a rather simple meal, but even then he found it a lot of work and was glad to sit down and rest when he was through. I had scarcely appreciated how hard he would find it to watch all the things



that must be cooking at the same time as well as to do the work involved.

He seemed to have gained a better understanding of my work, too for he said to me several times later, "Mother, I don't see how you get three meals a day, I should think you would get tired."

Besides the companionship we have enjoyed in working together, there have been other rewards that some might consider more practical. If I am busy with other things he can prepare the breakfast of cooked cereal and toast. When time permits he sometimes makes muffins or biscuits or pancakes. He often does extra baking for me before going to school in the morning.

When I look back to those kindergarten training days of mine, I am glad that we learned then to share the mysteries of the kitchen with the little children.

Some members of the Home League attached to the Nelson Corps, in British Columbia. They all look happy enough, to judge from their smiles!



THAT SUMMER TAN Get It Cautiously

HAS your nose peeled yet? Now that vacation time has rolled around again, many of our friends and acquaintances are parading reddened or tanned skins before our envious eyes, and are taunting us for our pale faces and unbrowned arms.

But—be not deceived! The rich color of a sun-tanned face is not to be gained too quickly, or too carelessly. All of us have experienced sunburn at some time in our lives, and most of us have been fortunate enough to escape with a mere unpleasantness for a day or so. But sunburn can be, and too often is, a very painful and serious condition.

The burn that the falsely benevolent summer sun gives us is the equivalent of a first or second degree burn such as might be caused by a hot iron or scalding water. And the effect of a severe sunburn is comparable to the effect of either of these two.

As in the treatment of such burns, any oily substance placed in direct contact with the skin will soothe and heal the soreness. If the severity of the burn demands bandages, it is well to wrap lightly powdered bandages loosely around the tender spot, as tight wrappings may tend to make a swollen condition intolerable.

So beware when you set yourself to get that healthy coat of tan. See to it that you expose yourself to the full rays of the sun for no more than a half hour at a time until the first coat of red has turned brown. Then lengthen your periods of exposure discreetly. You will not be dissatisfied with the result, and, what is more, you will have no painful hours of remorse for your carelessness.

AMMONIA Its Many Uses

There are a great many advertised wonders nowadays. Soaps that can whiten the negro (to judge by illustration), lozenges to take the place of meat and drink, cosmetics that profess to make beautiful for ever.

Yet in a certain commonplace fluid, called ammonia, every housewife may possess a purifier, a restorer, and a beautifier. It is wonderful what all this "volatile spirit of a pungent odor" (vide Webster) can do.

It Will Take Out Stains

Any grease spot on silk or satin can be removed by dropping thereon an infinitesimal amount of the pure spirit. When evaporated, iron no the wrong side, over a piece of blotting-paper, and the stain will disappear.

It Cleans Paint

To every gallon of warm water add one tablespoonful of this liquid. Do not scrub your doors, frames, and window-shutters till pallid. Just wipe gently with flannel wrung out of this mixture, and the enamel-like surface is preserved. All smudges and dust are equally removed.

It Brightens Glass

Windows and mirrors often show a fringe of fly-blows, and a veil of dulness. Drop a few drops of the fluid ammonia on to some newspaper and apply to the surface. Polish off with another piece of dry paper. You will be charmed with the results.

It Will Wash Clothes

A tablespoonful to every gallon of suds will keep Jaegers and flannels and woollies as good as new.

What Every Housewife Ought to Know

To cut a piece of India-rubber easily, wet the knife with water before using it.

To prevent made mustard from drying and caking in the mustard pot, mix a little salt when making it, and it should always be made with boiling water.

Chamois leather should never be washed in hot water, which hardens it, but in cold water, with either a little ammonia or a lather of soap.

Boots and gloves wear longer and better if kept for some time before wearing them. It is well to have a pair or pairs of each kept for some months before use.

Suet puddings are much lighter and better if plunged into boiling water if they are to be boiled.

To keep the feet warm in cold weather, cut a sole to the size of the boot or shoe in thick brown paper, and wear it.

An ounce of alum added to the rinsing water or to the starch will render muslin or cotton goods almost fireproof.

A spoonful of flour added to the grease in which eggs are to be fried will prevent them from breaking or sticking to the pan.

A good treatment for unduly moist hands is to bathe them frequently in warm water to which a little alum or vinegar has been added.

Rub any kind of stain on a white tablecloth with just a little paraffin before sending it to wash.



WELL MIGHT "MBELI" MARVEL

Significant Contrasts Demonstrated in the Kraal of Pafuri and his Three Thousand Fighting Men

TO VISIT the land of the Bavenda is to touch upon the very fringe of Central African life, says a correspondent of the South African "War Cry." When Commissioner W. J. B. Turner and party arrived at the Sibasa Camp, they were met by Major Battersby and Captain Styles, who had not seen a European Officer since last year! Hats off to these intrepid missionary heroines; their deeds of endurance are not mere "paper" talk, but records for ages to come.

Piloted by the Major to Chief Pafuris Kraal, they found that the opening engagement had been carefully arranged. Journeying for three miles, guided by a mere track, they left the car on the summit of a "gid-dy slope," and descended over a rough pathway, strewn with great stones, right into a clearing in the centre of the Chief's kraal shaded by large overhanging trees. Pafuri is the Bavenda chief next in importance to Tshivasa (Sibasa) and he dwells in this kraal called "Mbeli." Though not a direct descendant of the paramount chief, he is considered of high lineage, and his following numbers some 3,000 fighting men. (The strength and number of a tribe is calculated in this way.)

They are a distant group of the Bantu races, not related to any other tribe. They occupied their present dwelling territory nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, migrating from the lower Congo basin where a small remnant are still in existence. The Bangora possessing the land at this time were driven from their mountain stronghold by means of poisoned arrows used by the invaders.

Thus the visiting Salvationists stepped right into the midst of a community years behind their comrade tribes in many ways; the very surroundings contributed an atmosphere of heathenism. Around the foot of each tree a circular platform of rocks and earth had been built, and on one of these exalted places sat Pafuri. Doubtless he had watched from this place the swaying almost naked bodies of his people dancing to the accompaniment of the large drums which are still in the centre of the

clearing. But to-day the chief watched a contrasting scene.

After salutations had been exchanged, the party proceeded to occupy the other raised platform, where the Commissioner took his place, facing the Chief with his retinue around him. On the right were grouped the Venda women and girls of the kraals, with arms and ankles heavy with innumerable bracelets, and on the left The Army Flag fluttered bravely above the contingent already under the influence of Christian teaching; a living picture of contrasts. On one side the newly-formed Army Band, on the other, the symbols of heathen fantasy — a significant demonstration of the results of the difference Salvation makes to the outward appearance on cleanliness and habit was apparent, to say nothing of any other aspect.

Adjutant Battersby introduced a song of Salvation, in which all the one hundred and thirty-four gathered together heartily joined. The Commissioner gave opportunity for visiting Officers to speak, and then presented the Gospel in simple, convincing manner. Immediately the invitation was given eighteen men and women and twenty-four children knelt as searchers for light. Thus did the revealing truth of God break in upon the utter darkness of their desolate hearts.

A BRUSSEL'S BROADCAST Leads to Fireside Conversions

During the course of a recent local Broadcast Service, carried through by Adjutant Becquet and the Officers and comrades of Seraing, Belgium, a group of people in one home were so impressed that they all knelt down while the closing prayer came through.

The anniversary of the Home for Mothers and Children in Brussels, was attended by friends of the Institution, and the proceedings were presided over by Madam Petre, wife of the Burgomaster of St. Josse (a suburb of Brussels). Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Dejonghe, of the Palais de la Femme, Paris, gave an address on The Army's Social Work, and friends contributed musical items.

KOREAN CONVERTS

A Wayward Son Restored

One of the surrenders in a meeting led at the Sang Chong Ni Corps, by Major Sylvester, the General Secretary, was the wife of an ex-Lieutenant of the old Korean Army and an influential person in the district. Another was the wayward son of one of the widowed Soldiers of the Corps. After roaming around the country and getting into all kinds of trouble he returned to his home a month before his conversion, and became notorious for his drinking and fighting, narrowly escaping the penalty of the law as a result of a drunken brawl in which he was the ringleader. Among such people is The Army carrying on its work in Korea.

War On The Cafes

Commissioner Yamamuro Speaks About an Insidious Evil Which The Army is Fighting in Japan

A "WAR on the cafes" has been organized in Japan. For some time there has been a tendency for the modern young man in Japan to seek diversion in dimly-lighted places springing up in all large cities and towns.

Now that the apron has been removed from the waitresses, and hard labor of tray-carrying dropped from their duty, and due also to clever manoeuvres and publicity campaigns by cafe proprietors, not a few geisha and motion-picture actresses have become waitresses. They are expected to be well-dressed, to give greater breadth to their service, and make their attention more personal by sitting in company with male customers on intimate terms.

The daily papers are full of stories of offences perpetrated either by men or waitresses with the cafes as the fundamental cause, not to speak of

laxity of morals among some of the visitors and girls.

In this connection, Commissioner Yamamuro writes: "The latest report says there are 21,806 cafes, and 55,316 cafe waitresses in Japan. The number has increased greatly since the last report was issued. Waitresses need no special qualifications, they receive a comparatively large income, wear lovely, soft clothing, but act licentiously. As the life of a waitress seems easy, unfortunately a great number of women take up the profession. Of course, all waitresses are not prostitutes. Unless, however, they are very strong, they cannot keep their bodies clean and decent."

To illustrate the difficulty of decent and honest management of cafes without introducing wrong, the Commissioner continues:

"Lately, we were informed, the wife of a cafe proprietor was in dan-



ger of being sold to Manchuria by her husband. She came asking The Army's help. She had formerly been a "Geisha" or dancing girl. She told us she could only get a very small profit by serving soda water at her cafe. Besides, however much she sold drinks, she could hardly keep her customers. Thinking "business is business" she made her employee waitress a prostitute, while she also, by her husband's instruction, became one. In the course of time, she fell in love with a customer, and eloped. She was found, taken back to the husband's house; he then desired to sell her to Manchuria. In distress the woman asked our help.

Numbers of waitresses come to The Army for consultation, or are received into our Homes. The majority of those who enter our Homes, get to know Jesus, and His Salvation, and begin to live quite different lives."

The Commissioner then gives several thrilling stories of such cases, and their happy results. He continues: "The cafes are not the object of our problem if, as their name denotes, they are merely shops in which one can have a cup of coffee. In reality, the cafes are a kind of resort for licentious profligacy; there is also frivolous music, dissipating songs, flattering women, playful love-making and momentary pleasures. It is said that if a man goes to a cafe for three nights, he will completely lose three years' moral training. The influence for evil of cafes is now spreading strongly, deeply, and widely among the young men and women of the nation.

"The Salvation Army has long been engaged in the war against the cafe, and has gained many trophies as a result."

No doubt The Army in Japan, led by the great-hearted Commissioner, is alive to the danger, and is taking steps to cope with it. All success to our Japanese comrades!

CRADLE TO GRAVE

Norway's Minister of Affairs Pays Tribute to Army's Work

Speaking at the anniversary meeting of The Army's Socool Work in Norway, held in Oslo's Municipality Hall, the Minister for Social Affairs, Mr. Vik, said: "The helping hand of The Salvation Army covers the lives of people from the cradle to the grave, and they try in the greatest possible measure to help people to help themselves. The Army," he added, "gives value for the money it receives, because it creates values."

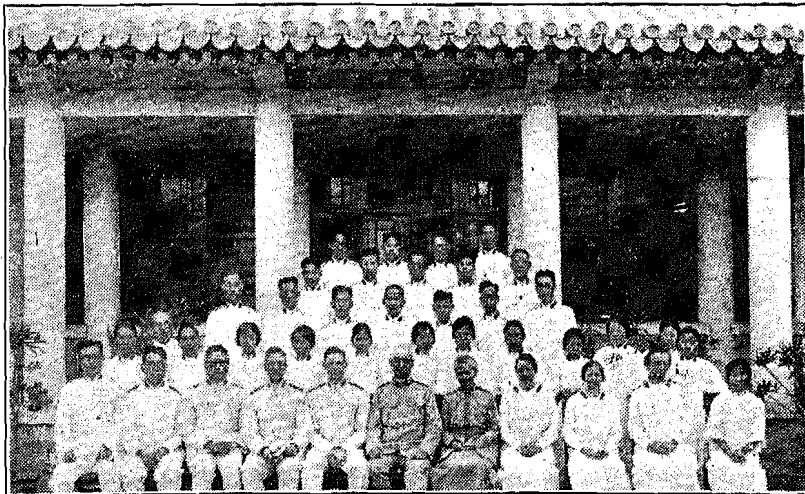
At the conclusion of this meeting (at 10 p.m.) the enthusiastic troops marched through the main street of Oslo to an Open-air meeting, conducted by the Territorial Commander, Commissioner Larsson, this being followed by another, after which we marched to a great Cinema, "Eldorado," where the Founder, years ago, led one of the most marvellous meetings ever held in the city. Here the Territorial Commander conducted a midnight meeting, which was attended by a good crowd.

BRAZIL'S TENTH

This year The Salvation Army in Brazil will celebrate its Tenth Anniversary. It was in Rio that finally, after many requests from friends, pioneer Salvationists arrived in May, 1922. These comrades were able to "Open Fire" in August.

An Outpost has been opened in San Bernado, and a new Hall secured, built by local Salvationists. Fourteen seekers were saved in the inauguration meeting. At Sao Paulo I, thirty-six adults decided for Jesus during the March Salvation Campaign.

A pleasing feature of the Work at the various centres of Rangoon and Mandalay is the number of young people who attend Company meeting each week. Though it is necessary to employ five different languages in this connection, excellent work is being done.



Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Benwell, China's new Leaders, with the Staff and Cadets of the Training Garrison in Peiping. This is the first Session of Cadets to be trained under the new scheme whereby Cadets spend a term of nine months in the Training Institute, three months assisting at Corps, and a further nine months at the Institute, making a Training Session of twenty-one months



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All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

'PERPLEXED ON ALL SIDES'

Yet "Carrying On" and Making Gratifying Progress — Revolution, General Strikes and Elections Produce Chaos

REPORTING on Army operations in South America West, Brigadier Karl Johanson, the Officer Commanding, remarks:

"In addition to several revolutions in Peru and Bolivia, as well as general strikes, and other disturbances, we reached a climax with revolution in Chile, during which time the Capital in particular, and Republic as a whole, experienced upheaval, leading to disorder, and bordering on chaos during the election of another President. For some months the whole Republic was proclaimed to be in a state of siege, with all its consequent restrictions, affecting not only our financial, but also our spiritual work.

"No Open-Air work was possible, raising of funds was very difficult, while 'War Cry' selling was practically stopped. All these circumstances made a barrier against the progress we had expected.

"Yet, for the Glory of God, and in spite of extraordinary circumstances in which our Officers labored, we were able to keep the work going, and also to see some progress made."

WITCHCRAFT ON THE GOLD COAST

THE Bishop of Accra, speaking in London at the fifth festival meeting of the Accra Diocesan Association recently, referred to the practice of witchcraft in West Africa. He said he would probably not be wrong in saying that 90 per cent. of the people in the Diocese of Accra believed in witchcraft.

The Christian Council, the Bishop continued, had decided to do something to show that a good deal of the witchcraft was nothing but fraud. They issued a challenge, offering \$50 to any witch or wizard who could accomplish one of these things—either make a paw-paw (a native fruit) disappear from a table at a distance of twelve feet, since wizards claimed that they could eat a paw-paw from a distance; or that the wizard should, in the presence of the council's representatives, remove an article from a locked box without touching the box; or that the wizard or witch should change a person into an animal or bird or fish.

Up to the time of the Bishop's departure from Accra, the only answer received was from a wizard who said he was unable to visit Accra, but offered, if the council would go to him, to kill a man at a distance of forty miles.

It may be added that among the agencies at work to destroy the power of witchcraft and enlighten these darkened people is The Army which has 110 Corps and Societies and a Boys' Home. The Headquarters are situated at Accra.

MANXLAND REJOICINGS

THE GENERAL Opens New Douglas Halls—Order of Founder Conferred on the Corps Secretary

WHEN the s.s. *Ben Macrae* from Liverpool entered Douglas Harbour, she gave a long, loud blast on her siren, to announce the arrival at the Island of an extra special visitor, in the person of The Salvation Army's much-loved General.

A large company of people were waiting to receive The Army's Leader, whose disembarkation was the signal for every man to lift his hat and wave it in the air, and accord the visitor a very warm and hearty welcome to Manxland. Hopes of many years were to be realized. The Army's new Halls in Douglas were to be opened!

Police had to make way for the procession from the Landing Stage, the crowds lining the streets the whole route from the boat to the new Halls. When at last Lord Street was reached, it was evident that many of those outside the splendid erection would be unable to gain admission, but, anticipating the situation, provision had been made to broadcast the proceedings to the neighbouring streets.

The General was accompanied by His Excellency Sir Claude Hill, the Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man. Tumultuous cheering and the playing of the National Anthem marked the arrival at the Halls.

By this time the area round about the Halls was densely packed and all traffic was diverted to another route. His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor of the Island handed the key to the General, and in a few choice words the building was declared open for the worship of God, and the Salvation of men and women.

A thoroughly representative company was present on the platform, including, in addition to His Excellency,

His Worship the Mayor of Douglas, and members of the Council.

In presiding over the meeting, the Lieut.-Governor recalled meeting with the Founder in Australia. He had been associated with Salvation Army activity in India, and on one of his voyages thither had met Commissioner Booth-Tucker. He described the work among the Criminal Tribes as "simply wonderful," saying that when administering an Indian Province, and in difficulties with the Criminal Tribes, he had asked The Army to take them over—and they usually did.

The General, who was given a remarkable reception, said that for a very long time he had been interested in the buildings at Douglas. He mentioned some of the structures that had been occupied by The Army; buildings that had seemed most unlikely to see an advance of God's Kingdom, such as "Salvation Stables," and "Hallelujah Jails." Great things had been done in them. Whilst they thanked God for the new building, they also thanked Him for the old.

"I want," said the General, "to recognize the great labours of Corps Secretary T. H. Cannell, J.P., and I have much pleasure in conferring upon him the Order of the Founder." Loud and long applause greeted this announcement.

The Halls, which had cost nearly forty-two thousand dollars, were that day, opened free of debt, thanks to some extent to a number of friends who, at their decease, had remembered The Army in their wills.

At night, in the Victoria Street Wesleyan Church, the General delivered to a crowded assembly a stirring address on Salvation Army activities. The Mayor presided.

A NEW DIVISION

To Which THE CHIEF SECRETARY Introduces the New Commander—Major Steele

THE Orillia Citadel, on Wednesday evening, July 27th, was the scene of a very happy gathering when Colonel Dalziel, the Chief Secretary, introduced to a goodly crowd the new Divisional Commander and his wife, Major and Mrs. Steele, for the Northern and Mid-Ontario Division.

The Salvationists present were very pleased to have in their midst, Reeve H. R. J. Holmes representing the Mayor, who in a few choice words expressed the pleasure it gave him, on behalf of the town to welcome the newcomers to Orillia. Introducing the Reeve, the Colonel said that the people of Orillia had a right to be proud of the stand this town had taken with regard to the drink traffic, being one of the first places to have local option.

The Colonel briefly outlined the purpose of the meeting, not only to introduce the new leaders but to inaugurate a new Division to be known as the Northern and Mid-Ontario Division. The Major was no stranger to the East, neither did he come as one strange to the work, for he had had extensive experience in Divisional work.

The Commissioner sent a characteristic greeting to the meeting, and this message having been read and heartily received, several speakers were heard in representative capacities. Sergeant-Major Brokenshire, of Fenelon Falls, representing that stalwart section, the Senior Locals of the Division, gave a hearty welcome to the new leaders, while Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Crossland, of Orillia, spoke on behalf of the Young People.

The Division covers a wide section of territory and has many far-flung Corps. Representing those distant Corps, Capt. Underhill of Sudbury expressed his delight in welcoming the Major and his wife. Mrs. Ensign Tidman, in a tender and sympathetic fashion, expressing the sentiments of the women Officers, spoke of the influence of Mrs. Steele's life upon young women, and bespoke for the Major and his wife a happy and useful term in this part of the Territory.

Adjutant Whitehead, who has been appointed as Helper in the N. and M.O. Division, told of the pleasure it gave her to be associated with the Major and his wife.

In reply to the hearty welcome given Mrs. Steele spoke of her willingness to help those who were in need of sympathy and help, to do something to alleviate the sufferings of mankind. The Major, in stirring words, declared his determination to go forward to fight against the forces of sin and wrong. It was a fitting climax to an inspiring and enthusiastic meeting when we sang in closing, "Forth in Thy name, O Lord we go."

Previous to the public meeting, the Colonel with Major and Mrs. Steele met the Officers at tea, when a very happy hour was spent.

It was a great pleasure to Orillians to have Mrs. Dalziel present with the Colonel. The local Band and Songsters also gave valuable assistance with their music and singing. Adjutant Alderman in a very happy way gave his hearty welcome for the Salvationists of Orillia and district.

During the afternoon the Colonel and Major were invited to attend the presentation of Colors to the Simcoe Foresters' Battalion.

The week-end meetings were conducted by Major and Mrs. Steele when the Spirit of God was much in evidence. One seeker surrendered in the Salvation meeting at night.—A.W. and W.W.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

As we go to press it is reported that Lieutenant Mary Hopkins, of Newfoundland, has been promoted to Glory from the Grace Hospital, St. John's.

1882

CANADA'S

1932

GOLDEN JUBILEE CONGRESS

OCTOBER 13-19, 1932, at TORONTO

CONDUCTED BY

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

COMMR. HENRY MAPP, accompanied by MRS. MAPP

and assisted by

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY

COLONEL and MRS. DALZIEL (Chief Secretary)

COLONEL and MRS. McAMMOND (Field Secretary)

and the entire Territorial Staff and Divisional Commanders from Newfoundland to Alaska

700 OFFICERS - 10 BANDS
250 SONGSTERS—MASS MEETINGS

THOUSANDS OF SALVATIONISTS AND FRIENDS
WILL RALLY AT

THE MASSEY HALL AND VARSITY ARENA

Watch "The War Cry" for further details

BELGIAN STRIKES

Salvationists Remain Calm and United Though Exposed to Some Danger

ALTHOUGH the strikes and disturbances which recently occurred in Belgium seriously interfered with The Army's Open-Air and other activities, Officers and Soldiers remained at their posts. There was, unfortunately, some danger to life and limb, but Salvationists have moved unmolested amongst the crowds. Later reports show an improvement in the situation.

Writing from Quaregnon, one of the centres of disturbance, Ensign Rapin states:

"We are passing through very difficult times. The strikers are furious and anything may happen. No Open-Air is possible. Wires and broken glass make the street impassable. Bottles are being thrown from windows. Our district is besieged. No traffic is allowed. We went out, however, Lieutenant and I, with 'The War Cry,' but were caught in a crowd fleeing in panic. On the whole, our comrades are keeping calm. They do not mix in anything, but are trusting in God. On Tuesday we had a Half-Night of Prayer, and a splendid spirit prevailed."

THE splendid manner in which readers of "The War Cry" took up the Hidden Treasure Competition, the results of which appear in this issue, gives indication that the series of pictures which were a feature in our pages for twenty weeks, had been very popularly received. In all, eight hundred entries were registered, coming from a wide area, and the scrutiny of the papers gave the examiners a busy time for several days.

On the whole the entries revealed the keen interest of the competitors and the great majority of these exercised much care and intelligence in the selection of their texts. From the numerous letters which accompanied the coupons it would appear that the solutions of the cartoons were eagerly sought by contestants of widely-varying ages, young and old searching the Scriptures with great diligence.

Apart from the lure of the prizes offered it was plainly evident that the competition was well received on its own merits, many readers freely admitting that during the twenty weeks involved they had received much blessing in their Biblical investigations. It is safe to say that dust was not allowed to collect on the Bible in the homes concerned and concordances and helps received a more than usual amount of attention. Many comrades testified to a new interest in the Psalms and were the discoverers of treasures other than those they were expected to find.

The task of the judges was no light one, over 16,000 coupons requiring to be carefully scrutinized and recorded. The portions cut from "The War Cry" were mailed to the Editor in 57 varieties of ways—tightly rolled, flat, zig-zag, tied with string or ribbon, and in some instances each of the twenty coupons enclosed in separate envelopes. A few entries were in their make-up, works of art. Others, again, were pasted neatly in scrap books and one set arrived in a carefully-packed fancy box. Varying odors permeated the atmosphere at times as numerous packages, smacking strongly of Newfoundland cod and other Maritime table-delicacies and—whisper it not in Gath—a few of the sister-comrades' entries were accompanied by the invigorating perfume of—was it attar of roses or just lavender water?

Fortunately the judges were proof against these subtle attempts of feminine contestants to create an influential "atmosphere," but their patience, at times, was sorely tried by the ex-

(Continued column 4)

HIDDEN TREASURE COMPETITION

Onerous Task for the Adjudicators by reason of Duplications

POOLING OF PRIZES SOLVES PROBLEM

JUST eight hundred entries were received in the Hidden Treasure Competition which ran in the columns of "The War Cry" from February 20th to July 9th.

These, coming from all parts of Eastern Canada and from many places in Newfoundland, provided the judges with a task which, by reason of the comparatively brief period reserved for adjudication, proved onerous indeed.

As soon as these authorities had brought the sixteen thousand separate pictures, together with their accompanying Psalm quotations, under final review, it began to be obvious that the allocation of the prizes would be difficult.

First of all, no one person forwarded the complete list of correct quotations. In fact, while every picture was correctly interpreted by one or more of those taking part, no one entrant succeeded in submitting more than sixteen correct solutions out of the twenty constituting the series. There were, however, five readers who thus came within four of high-water mark. It was when they had reached this point in assembling the results that the judges began to foresee difficulty in finalizing their allocations.

Having a first prize of fifty dollars to be shared—as the conditions printed with each of the twenty issues containing the Hidden Treasure pictures so explicitly stated: "In the event of two or more competitors sending in a similar number of correct replies within the prize-winning range"—by five persons, made the judges anxious as to the remainder.

Search for those entitled to second and subsequent prizes—those who had come nearest to those competitors making only four errors—indicated that twenty-two entrants had sent in papers including only five errors in each set. Division of the second prize, thirty-five dollars, among these people would resolve itself into one dollar and fifty-nine cents each, as no one distinctly qualified for the whole prize.

On the next line of possibility stood fifty-two entrants, with six errors in each case, and a total of twenty-five dollars by way of third prize, or forty-eight cents each—if the division should be made that way. As for those having seven errors, with ten dollars available for distribution, and their number ninety-nine, ten cents each would not justify the cost of mailing the individual allocation. What, then, would the one hundred and forty-two who made eight errors do with a share of five dollars between them? And how fairly to allocate ten consolation prizes of two dollars and fifty cents each, unless they should go to those nearest the top scorers?

It was decided by the judges that the situation would be fairly treated if they should place the following proposition before the Commissioner for his final decision:—

The five leading competitors, those with four errors each, to share the fifty dollars prize equally.

The next twenty-two—those with five errors each—to be considered within the prize-winning range (See Rules and Conditions number seven—and to divide the remainder of the award allocation, including the consolation awards, and totaling one hundred dollars, between them equally; actually four dollars and fifty-four cents each.

The Commissioner has been pleased to endorse this decision of the adjudicators and the announcement is given below indicating the successful competitors.



PRIZE AWARDS



The following five competitors, having the highest number of marks, share equally the fifty-dollar first prize:

Hylda Gowie	London, Ont.
Mae Pedlar	Singhampton, Ont.
Peggy Greenst	Willowdale, Ont.
Mrs. Commandant Burry	Toronto
Mrs. B. Fennacy	Windsor, Ont.

The following twenty-two entrants succeeded in locating fifteen correct quotations. They share equally in the remainder of the award, receiving four dollars and fifty-four cents each:

N. Reynolds, Barrie, Ont.
Miss Vera Raymer, Orillia, Ont.
Faith Friend, Trenton, Ont.
Chas. F. Gough, Toronto.
Mrs. G. B. Somerville, Perth, Ont.
Mrs. Roy Gustar, Port Hope, Ont.
Ensign E. Brown, Triton, Newfoundland.
Mrs. W. S. Poole, St. Stephen, N.B.
J. L. Crossley, St. John, N.B.

John R. Smith, Frankville, Ont.
A. Bain, Montreal.
Winnifred Williams, Montreal.
Mrs. W. Henkelman, Oshawa.
Leslie P. Pindred, Smith's Falls, Ont.
Mrs. Commandant Carroll, Montreal.
Margaret Turner, Toronto.
Howard Sainsbury, St. John's, Nfld.
Mrs. M. Barwick, West Hill, Ont.
George Moore, Mount Brydges, Ont.
Ruby M. Houghton, Smith's Falls, Ont.
Mrs. George Wade, Pembroke, Ont.
Corps Cadet E. Robertson, Montreal.

SWEDEN'S JUBILEE

Congress Gatherings Led by THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND MRS. MAPP

FURTHER news regarding Sweden's Jubilee Congress, conducted by the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, speaks of "overflowing Congress warmth," throughout the proceedings. The Chief's addresses, Bible readings, and prayers in Swedish, gave him ready and uninterrupted access to the hearts of his hearers.

Memorable features of the Campaign were the great Welcome Meetings, during one of which a replica of an Army Open-Air Meeting of fifty years ago roused many hallowed memories, the record crowds at the Lidingo Meetings, held out of doors, the Monday Holiness Meeting in one of the largest Free churches in Stockholm, the high standard of musical efficiency displayed by the Bands taking part, and the large attendances at all meetings.

Even at half-past nine on Sunday night, after a hard day of Salvation fighting, a crowd of 4,000 people gathered to enjoy a programme of recitation and song in commemoration of The Army's fifty years of battle and conquest in the country.

On Tuesday night, in a great Missionary Demonstration in Immanuelskyrkan, the Chief of the Staff dedicated four Swedish Officers for service in Brazil.

There has been a great warmth of loyal affection at every reference to the God-honouring campaigns of the General and Mrs. Higgins, whose activities have been closely and prayerfully followed by Swedish Salvationists.

(Continued from column 1)

traordinary styles in handwriting, though none of it challenged the legibility of the hieroglyphics on the average Chinese laundry ticket. It must be said, however, that a large number of entries were plainly printed, making the labors of the perspiring judges that much easier. One evidently aged lady enlivened her attempt by bursting into a stanza of poetry.

Many contestants credited the artist with an ingenuity which the pictures did not wholly warrant and their answers were made to match. It speaks volumes, however, for the nicety of his calculations that the cartoons were sufficiently puzzling to divide the contestants into two camps and the assumed difficult answers were, in reality, not quite so.

Unconscious humor provided the scrutineers now and again with a smile as, for instance, when several answers given to No. 17 (man clinging to a precipice) as "Flee as a bird to yon mountain," and to No. 15 (camels in the wilderness) "He daily loadeth me with benefits."

Of the few pictures which proved to be a stumbling block to the larger majority of the contestants, No. 14, depicting a small man astride of the limb of a tree, was solved by a very small minority and correctly read as follows: "I am small and despised: yet do I not forget Thy precepts" (Psalm 119:141). It so happened, however, in almost all cases where the so-called difficult texts were solved by readers, they fell down on the simpler ones, thus justifying the skill of the artist.

A decided snare to many, and doubtless the limited space in the coupon accounted somewhat for this was the effort at economy in words which stopped off, in giving a quotation, before the whole idea of the picture had been expressed. This was particularly noticeable in No. 3, where the "rod of iron" was omitted, or the "potter's vessel" escaped mention. In No. 4 the reference to "incense" was left out by some. No. 10 caught a number off guard, for they forgot to refer to the troop of horsemen in the background.

ONWARD TO CONQUER

TWO-FOLD AID

Last Sunday's meetings at OSHAWA were of great profit and blessing. Major and Mrs. Spooner led. On account of an accident on the highway, the Major was delayed one hour and a half. He was able to render First-Aid to several persons who were injured. He later visited them in the hospital. The Major was in time for the Holiness meeting, where a splendid crowd gathered. The leading of the Spirit was felt right from the start.

The Young People enjoyed the talks by the Major in the afternoon. Later, by the lake, an Open-air service was conducted, the Band being assisted by a vocal solo from Mrs. Spooner, a concertina solo by the Major, and an item from the women Songsters.

At night a nice crowd again assembled including several visitors. Mrs. Commandant Barclay prayed God's blessing on the Conference. Captain Doris Dunkley, of Montreal, gave a word of testimony, and the Major delivered a forceful Bible lesson. Four comrades renewed their consecration.

SAVED THROUGH THE OPEN-AIR

At ESSEX, on Sunday last, Lieutenant Gammon, home on furlough, was given a warm welcome. Bandmaster Damm, who has been laid aside, was also given a welcome back. A number of visitors were present at both Open-air and meetings.

The Band visited Tilbury, conducting an Open-air which was attended by hundreds of people. A number of comrades also visited Cottam to conduct an Open-air service.

Adjutant Crowe was the speaker at a Baptist Rally recently.

A new feature of Corps activity is the Young People's Open-air held on Monday evenings preceding their Salvation meeting. A keen interest is being manifested by all who take part. Splendid crowds attend these services. The Band has recently welcomed Sister Edith Crowe to the cornet section, and Billie Crowe has taken the snare drum. On a recent Sunday morning, while the Open-air was in progress, a man got saved. Three others have claimed full Salvation.

On a recent Sunday our Band journeyed to Leamington to spend the afternoon and evening. A service was held in Seacliff Park, and later in the Town Park. Lieutenant Gammon has been spending his furlough with us and lent useful aid.—C.C. H.G.

A STRENUOUS FIGHT

On Sunday we had with us at WESTON, Captain Gaylard. The Lord came very near to us. After a strenuous fight, two seekers came to God. The Young People are taking a definite stand. Capt. Hanton and Lieutenant Farmer are in for victory.—B.B.

GLORIOUS TIMES

Glorious times were experienced at DUNNVILLE over the week-end. Envoy Huntington, of Brantford, was in charge. Right from the commencement of the first Open-air on Saturday night, God was with us, coming especially with great blessing in the Sunday morning meeting. At night there were two surrenders to Christ.

On Monday night another seeker for whom we have been praying, yielded to Christ.

On the previous Thursday night, the Rev. Levi Ecker, a brother of one of our comrades, gave the address. The Rev. Mr. Ecker is a travelling evangelist for the Free Methodist Church.—Cor. John Harris.

NEW COMRADES WELCOMED

YORKVILLE opened a time of blessing last week-end. The services were well attended and the comrades worked with much earnestness and faith.

In the morning we welcomed as Soldiers of the Corps, Adjutant A. Brett, the new Matron of the Bloor Street Hospital, who gave a very helpful testimony.

Throughout the week-end the Bandsmen and Songsters did splendid service. In the Salvation meeting a splendid spirit prevailed, and a good crowd was present. Mrs. Adjutant Harrison gave the address and we rejoiced over one seeker seeking Pardon.

THE GALLANT VETERANS

Mrs. Colonel Coombs (R) led the meetings at GRANVILLE STREET, Vancouver, last Sunday, and surely we had a splendid day. The numbers at the Holiness were small, but the Holy Spirit was with us and the Word was made a blessing.

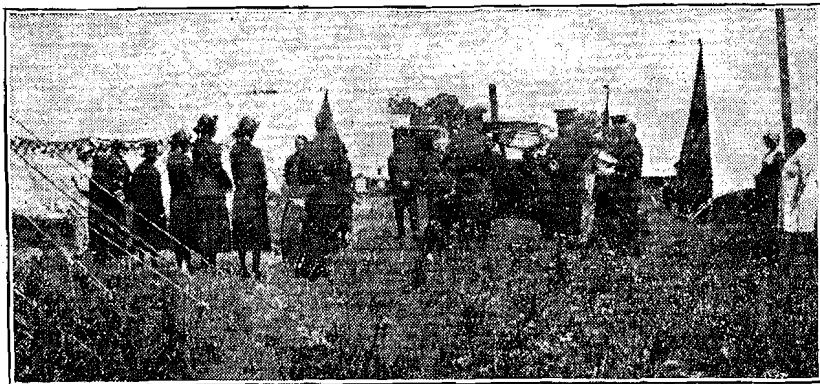
At night the Hall was full. Mrs. Colonel Coombs was suffering with a cold which tried her voice, so brought re-inforcements in the persons of our valiant veteran Officers, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. McLean (R). Their words made the meeting very interesting, and Colonel McLean's message was solemn and powerful. Mrs. Coombs' earnest pleading with sinner and backslider resulted in three coming out, voluntarily taking their place at the Penitent-forn. It was a great meeting. Real revival spirit.

We concluded with an old-fashioned joyful wind-up and singing of the Doxology. To God be all the glory!—M.L.H.

PREACHING DELIVERANCE

The welcome meetings at LETHBRIDGE, Alta. (Adjutant and Mrs. Fuglesang) were full of interest and blessing. An innovation has been started in having Thursday's Open-air services around the residential districts and we are sure much good will be accomplished by our visits. The Band, under Bandmaster Robinson, has been backing up all the efforts put forth.

Adjutant Fuglesang, with several Sisters and Bandsmen, visited several of the smaller towns in the South on a recent Saturday afternoon. At one of the towns a very loud radio was playing music from one of the stores in the main street, but as The Army commenced the Open-air the owner very kindly shut it off. Another example of courtesy to The Army. The Band held a meeting at the Provincial Jail, outside the city. This was appreciated by the prisoners.—L.T.



Fairbank comrades holding an Open-air at "Tent City," Toronto, the abode of the evicted unemployed. Open-air is held each Sunday, each tent being visited in the afternoon. The visits have been much appreciated.

FOUR CAPTURES

ELLICE AVENUE, Winnipeg (Adjutant and Mrs. Eachern). On Sunday last Captain Bishop conducted the meetings, the Adjutant being on the sick list. Our meetings, both morning and evening, proved of spiritual help. At night four seekers came forward. Praise God!—W.S.H.

ON NEW GROUND

CORNWALL (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)—Our Soldiers' meetings are proving a time of blessing. We are holding Open-air on new ground, and the people are appreciative of our efforts.—C.C. Holden.

ON THE WAR PATH

CAMROSE (Captain Slous, Lieutenant Carter)—In spite of many drawbacks that we have at this time of the year in the West. We are on the war path. It encourages us to see visitors drop in occasionally. Sunday night we had with us Captain Eby, from High River, who led the meeting. Lieutenant Eby, from Cranbrook, also took part. (Though home on furlough, they were out full stretch to do the best to extend God's Kingdom in the meetings conducted.—W.S.)

SPIRITUAL STIMULUS

Since we welcomed our new Officers to NORWOOD, Winnipeg (Captain Walker and Lieutenant McCormack), we have had a time of rich blessing. On Sunday night we had a visit from our Divisional Leaders, Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie, when much spiritual stimulus was received.—J.S.

AT THE PARK

Brigadier and Mrs. Tilley, assisted by Envoy Gull and two Bandsmen from Hamilton, conducted the Sunday meetings at FERGUS. After dinner, the Old Folks Home was visited, and then another rousing Open-air was held at the Rock in the town of Elora. Our small combination greatly appreciated the help of Captain Lorimer, Ensign Worthylake, and one or two more comrades who helped to make the Open-air the success it was. Back in Fergus, for the night Open-air and meeting, where a good crowd gathered. Our efforts were amply repaid when one seeker claimed victory at the close.—J.B.

FIELD SECRETARY VISITS

The comrades and friends of AMHERST (Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer) has been looking forward for many weeks to the visit of Colonel McAmmond, Field Secretary. On Friday the visit materialized and a good crowd came up to the service in a spirit of expectancy. In the Open-air many listened most attentively to the message in testimony and song.

For the inside meeting the Hall was well filled and a rousing Salvation meeting took place. Not a single moment was wasted; the meeting being chuck full of interest and blessing.

Among the speakers were Mrs. Major Riches, and Officers from Sackville and Passsora. at the conclusion of the Colonel's message, seven men and women raised their hands for prayer.

LINGUIST NEEDED

A linguist, skilled in six languages, would have been needed to reach the audience gathered in a recent meeting led by Staff-Captain Acton at PETERSBURG, Alaska (Captain Brierley Lieutenant Fulton). Many who rarely attend our meetings because of the language difficulty, followed with close interest the illustrated talk on the miracles of Christ. The Sunday meetings, led by the Divisional Commander, were a season of soul-refreshment, and we rejoiced to see one wanderer return.

EIGHTEEN AT THE FRONT

A great out-pouring of the Holy Spirit was witnessed at SARNIA during the week-end services. Eighteen seekers in all, knelt at the Mercy-seat, five adults and thirteen young people.—C.C. F. Wren.

DIVISIONAL SPECIALS

On Sunday we had with us at DARTMOUTH, Major and Mrs. Owen, who were heartily welcomed by the Soldiers of this brave little Corps. The Major's vigorous leadership and his wife's splendid singing fired the Soldiers with more of God's Spirit. Envoy Gerow also assisted in making the meeting a big success.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson conducted services of great help and blessing at GREENWOOD, on a recent Sunday. Last Tuesday, in the Soldiers' meeting, one seeker surrendered. Ensign Russell and Captain Bond are the Corps Officers.—Observer.

49th ANNIVERSARY

VICTORIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Thiers-tein) has just celebrated the Forty-fifth Anniversary of The Army opening fire in our city. None of the Senior Soldiers of that time is now here, only the three daughters of Brother and Sister Porter, then Juniors, being still with us. They are now Home League Treasurer Mrs. Bent, Sister Mrs. Duggan, and Sister Mrs. Eccles.

Among our summer visitors we were delighted to welcome home Captain Stanley Mendum, of Hazelton, B.C., and to see him again playing with both Senior and Young People's Bands as in his Soldier days. Captain and Mrs. Martin, Young People's Band-Leader Gillingham, of Vancouver, and several comrades from different Corps, have mingled with us and given their testimonies.

During the absence of the Commanding Officers on holiday, Sergeant - Major Pearce and other Local Officers and comrades are carrying on the work arranged for them, and the meetings are bright and inspiring with good attendances.—A.E.T.

HOME LEAGUERS

The Home League at OWEN SOUND is a live concern. The women are so interested in their work that they have decided to hold their meetings as usual during the summer months, and are to be congratulated on their good attendances. Mrs. W. Iles, the Home League Secretary, Mrs. W. Fearnall, the Assistant, and Mrs. L. Sloane, the Secretary, are untiring in their efforts.

The Home League picnic was held at Harrison's Park, Mrs. Iles with her assistants, planning everything for the happiness of all. Kind friends conveyed the women and children to and from the park. A record crowd was present.

The women in the past have done nobly in assisting the Corps, and looking after the Officers' Quarters.

BAND TO THE FRONT

GUELPH (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—Last week-end's meetings were conducted by the Band, under the leadership of Sergeant-Major Ede. Captain Lorimer, an old Guelph "boy," who is spending part of his vacation in the city, took a prominent part, delivering a splendid address in the Holiness meeting and also in the evening. All the Bandsmen participated and we had a splendid week-end together. (The meetings were varied in character and it was quite a treat to hear and see some of the boys taking part, especially those who usually confine themselves entirely to music.—James Ryder.

FURLOUGHERS LEND AID

A most effective service was recently given at PRINCE RUPERT, entitled "The man who said he wouldn't but did." A good crowd gathered.

On Sunday we had with us Captain Murray, from Vancouver, and Lieutenant M. Fulton, from Petersburg, Alaska, both of whom are spending their furlough here. Captain Steele and Lieutenant Coxon are the Corps Officers.—The Norwegian.

HOLDING THE FORT

We have recently welcomed Captain and Mrs. Reeves to MAPLE CREEK, Saskatchewan. In the absence on furlough the Soldiers are gallantly holding the fort. On Thursday the meeting was led by Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Scott. Publicity-Sergeant Cole took charge of the Sunday morning Open-air, and Brother Wait, the indoor meeting. Drum-Sergeant King gave the afternoon lesson to the Young People. At night Brother Scott led the meeting, the address.

EFFECTIVE OPEN-AIRS

REGINA CITADEL (Ensign Bamsey, Lieutenant Honeychurch)—The Monday night meetings hold varied interests for all, and are conducted by various comrades connected with the Young People's work. Sister Mrs. Vincent, the Young People's Sergeant-Major, and Brother Prince, Secretary, led on Monday.

All day Sunday we had good attendances, and the Soldiers and Bandsmen rallied well to the Open-air. We were brought close to God in the Holiness meeting, when many helpful testimonies were given.

There was one seeker at night. The large eventide Open-air brought many listeners around. The Songsters and Band assisted splendidly. At the close one dear man raised his hand requesting prayer.—B.F.S.

THIS PAGE IS PREPARED PARTICULARLY FOR THE MUSICAL READER

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
Mrs. Drummer has a Word
About the Man who is "Calling
to the Meeting"

THERE'S a man in our Corps whom I've been noticing a good deal lately. He doesn't get any too much attention. In fact, he is seldom seen, for a third of the time he is hidden away behind the drum.

Sometimes I wonder if it is remembered that he has any separate existence, so emerged is he in the big bass drum. If he should be absent from the Open-air meeting (a rare occurrence, by the way), we inquire: "Where's the drum?" If on the march, in the interim of the Band's playing, the beat is too slow or too quick for our step, we frown: "What's the matter with the drum?"

How we should miss that sonorous "Boom! Boom! Boom!" that calls us to Open-air meeting in the morning. "There's the drum!" we exclaim, while the Salvation pulses quicken, and we rejoice that it has reached not only our ears but those of the churchless masses, causing them to think of things eternal.

At our particular Corps Mrs. Drummer and all the baby-Drummers are generally at Open-air meeting, too. There's one of the latter in the pram, and another holding on each side.

"Doesn't our drum look fine?" I remarked to her the other Sunday morning.

The cords were like snow, and the leather strappings vied with them in whiteness, while the silver attachments would easily do duty for looking-glasses.

"Yes, Billy's mighty proud of his drum," she returned. "Cleans it Saturdays; and well I know it, too, just after my kitchen's been done up!"

But she smiled as she spoke, and added explanatorily: "You see, it's the only time he gets. He's working from early morning till late at night other days. It don't half take some cleaning, too! He'd all those ropes off yesterday. Took the whole thing to pieces and cleaned them with some powder stuff—I forget what you call it—and put them together again like new. It wants some strength to pull them straps up, you know!" [And she looked proudly in the direction of the drum.]

I followed her glance, and this time looked with some interest at the man behind the drum!—A.B.

WANTED!
One cornet, one horn, one drum! A tall order! But Captain Nina Hantgen, of Weston, has faith that some rich comrade will donate these needed instruments to a baby Corps. Now then, you millionaire Corps!

BE the MASTER of YOUR INSTRUMENT

And then Concentrate on the Message, which is the Soul of Music



THE phrase, "Jack of all trades and master of none," conveys to our minds the idea of a man who has, at some time or another, made a start at a number of professions or occupations, but has never attained to proficiency in any one of them. He is unfinished and incomplete. But the word "master" has a meaning totally different. We associate it with the man who has gained a reputation as a superman, on account of the outstanding excellence of his work. In the realm of music we pay tribute to a class of men whom we designate "the great masters," and they are representative of men of similar achievements in other realms. Now, often we seek to excuse our own smaller achievements by crediting such "masters" with a splendid gift of Providence, which enables them to reach heights beyond the reach of ordinary men; but, while admitting that all have not the same degree of natural ability, the lives of the great artists and musicians prove that their success can never be wholly explained by the mere possession of "genius," unless, indeed we accept the so-often-quoted definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." This definition itself bears the marks of genius in its universal truth, for even in the simplest task, such as polishing a pair of boots, or cleaning an instrument, we can observe how varying, and also how finite, is the capacity for taking pains! How often have we said of a piece of work, "Ah, well! That'll have to do"? when our instinct has told us that a little more pains was required.

Automatic Technique

What is really the essential difference between the so-called genius and the average instrumentalist? We have often observed that there is a seeming ease in the mechanical part of the playing when a master is using an instrument, in contrast with the laborious efforts of amateurs. Now the fact of the matter is that these present-time masters have at some time been servants, and very hard-working and persevering servants, too, serving an apprenticeship extend-

ing over a number of years. They have studied the pieces they play until the mechanical portion of the playing, or what is known as the technique, is practically automatic, and now, instead of concentrating their minds on playing the right notes, they are free to devote their attention to the more important business of interpreting the message contained in the music. It is true that to do this a sensitive and responsive nature is required, but it is equally true that without perfect technique the player would be too much engaged to allow him to think of the soul of the music. This consideration applies in a degree to the humblest player in a Salvation Army Band. How imperative it is, then, that

one piece perfectly, you can play anything."

Do not shirk scales, for nearly all quick runs in music are simply scales, or parts of scales. Practice intervals until your lips become flexible to the utmost degree. Learn by practice to judge the exact amount of wind pressure and lip tension required to pitch any note in your playing register. By sustained notes, crescendo and diminuendo, learn to produce a tone which is founded on the whole instrument vibrating from mouthpiece to bell, and by practicing playing in a whisper develop the delicacy so necessary in accom-

The Traffic "Cop."
Here is a "snap" of the Catford Band, taken by Young People's Sergeant - Major Macfarlane during his recent trip home. Note the comrade on the left with the white sleeves. He is the march orderly and regulates the traffic. He has copied the example of the traffic "cop" in London and wears the eye-arresting forearm covers.



whether as teachers or learners we should give all diligence to see that there is no single bar in our music which can be said to master us, if persevering practice could have reversed the conditions.

How many Bandsmaster have had to turn down selections with a reluctant shake of the head owing to the bass end being wobbly, or the trombone or euphonium uncertain on a cadenza? And even when there is little fault to be found with the technical performance of a piece, it is often very obvious how difficult the player finds it to work all the notes into their proper places. He has no freedom; he is the servant, the slave of his instrument. Ah, is not that the secret of it all; the great player is the master of the instrument, the poor player is its servant?

One piece thoroughly learned will continually prove helpful in learning other pieces. This lesson is given point to by the story of the great teacher who kept his pupil on one piece of music for six months, refusing to let him look at anything else. At the end of that time the teacher said: "Now that you have learned

paniment work. In other words, master your instrument, and then concentrate on the message, which is the soul of music.

A PERFECT VIOLIN

A SEMI-MUSICAL magazine carries a press notice concerning a certain artist which tells of his "sixty thousand dollar Stradivarius violin." Some day, perhaps, it will be known exactly how many "genuine" Stradivarius violins there are in the world (says "Yeninita," in the "Evening Telegram"). In the meantime alleged "Strads" are running Corot pictures pretty close on this continent in the race for fame. It is said that the artist only painted a hundred or so pictures in his life. Yet there are approximately four thousand "genuine" Corots this side of the Atlantic. Undoubtedly a Strad is a perfect violin—when in fit condition. But modern craftsmanship and science surely count for something, even in fiddle making, Cecilia Hansen thinks so at any rate. She plays a "monstrosity" judged by conventional and traditional standards. But the tone is said to be plorious.

HARMONY!

A Few Remarks For Bandsman Discord

Our friend in the picture no doubt fancies himself a bit. He is "it." Yet a suspicion enters our minds that he has overdone it a trifle. A collar and tie are very proper in their own place. No doubt a nice shirt cuffs enhance the tone of a well-cut suit, and spats give tone to the *tout ensemble* of the aspiring note. But somehow or other, in our opinion at least, these accessories do not go well with Salvation Army uniform. Indeed, they have a similar effect on our mind to a killed man wearing a bowler hat as a head-piece.



Our illustration has much in kin in notions of taste with the king of the Cannibal Islands, who feels well-dressed when wearing a top-hat. How would a Service-man fare if he decked himself out in a white collar and

tie, wore cuffs, and so on, and paraded the result? How long would he escape comment and censure?

A proper pride in one's personal appearance is quite legitimate. In fact, it is a virtue which should be cultivated assiduously, for the slovenly and untidy man is an abomination wherever you find him. But being well-dressed does not mean being overdressed, and above all, harmony of effect should be studied.

Bandsmen's uniforms have been fashioned with the eye to harmony, and anything added or taken away from them spoils the picture. Bandsmen should give some thought to this matter,

and then probably we will soon see the quaint features which characterize some Bands fast disappear.

BOMBARDING THE VILLAGES

On Sunday afternoon East Toronto Band visited Stouffville. The townspeople turned out in appreciative numbers to listen to the rousing Open-air. After spending an hour or so here the Band journeyed to Musselman's Lake to play to the holiday-makers on the beach. The people listened very attentively. Proceeding to the town of Markham, the Band marched to the United Church for the evening service.

During the service the Pastor spoke highly of the work of The Salvation Army.

After the service the Band held a service in the park. Hundreds of the townsfolk turned out and were loath to leave at a very late hour. The Bandsmen arrived home well after midnight with the knowledge they had been a means of blessing and cheer to the people.

The Male Voice Party rendered valuable assistance throughout the day, as did Sister Mrs. Gillies with vocal solos.—T.W.G.

MOST-LOVED MELODY

The Etude competition as to which is the most loved melody closed recently. In a list of 237 compositions mentioned by various competitors here are some of the favorites and their standing:

Schumann's "Traumerie," 1st; Handel's "Largo," 2nd; "Annie Laurie," 16th; "Love's Old Sweet Song," 31st; Dvorak's "Largo," 38th; "I Know That My Redeemer" (Handel), 63rd; Elgar's "Salut d'amour," 120th; "Danny Boy," 149th; "O Sacred Head" (from Bach's St. Matthew Passion), 204th; Gounod's Waltz from "Faust," 226th.

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY

RIVERDALE, Sun Aug 14 (morning)
TEMPLE, Aug 14 (evening)
WINNIPEG, Mon Aug 20
REGINA, Tues Aug 30
CALGARY, Thurs Sept 1
VICTORIA, Sun Sept 4
NANAIMO, Thurs Sept 8
CHILLIWACK, Fri Sept 9
VANCOUVER, Sun Mon Tues Sept 11 to 13
KAMLOOPS, Thurs Sept 15
EDMONTON, Sat to Mon Sept 17 to 19
RED DEER, Tues Sept 20
GLEICHEN, Thurs Fri Sept 23
CALGARY, Sat Sun Sept 24 and 25
DRUMHELLER, Mon Sept 26
SASKATOON, Wed Sept 28
WINNIPEG, Fri Sept 30 to Tues Oct 4
(Staff-Captain Mundy will accompany)

Lieut.-Colonel Bladin: Sydney, Sat Mon 15; New Waterford, Wed 17; Glace Bay, Thurs Fri 19; North Sydney, Sun Mon 22; Sydney Mines, Tues Thurs 25; St. Stephen, Sat Fri Sept 2; St. John III, Sat Fri 9; Charlottetown, Sat Fri 16
Major Carruthers: Sun Aug 14, Banff
Staff-Captain Bracey: Wyehwood, Sun 14; Lippincott, Sat, Sun 21

THE COMPETITION KEY

The list of correct quotations deposited with The Army's solicitors pending the close of the Hidden Treasure Competition (see page 9) was as follows:—

- 1.—Psalm 91:13.
- 2.—Psalm 18:35.
- 3.—Psalm 2:9.
- 4.—Psalm 141:2
- 5.—Psalm 22:7.
- 6.—Psalm 18:34.
- 7.—Psalm 130:6.
- 8.—Psalm 128:3.
- 9.—Psalm 130:1.
- 10.—Psalm 18:29.
- 11.—Psalm 144:9.
- 12.—Psalm 44:20.
- 13.—Psalm 3:6.
- 14.—Psalm 119:141
- 15.—Psalm 72:9.
- 16.—Psalm 19:5.
- 17.—Psalm 73:2.
- 18.—Psalm 129:3.
- 19.—Psalm 22:18.
- 20.—Psalm 60:4.

NEWFOUNDLAND PROGRESSES

Third Phase of Forty-Seventh Annual Congress Conducted by Field Secretary at Corner Brook

THE third phase of Newfoundland's 47th Congress took place at Corner Brook on Friday, July 15th, in The Army Citadel.

The Congress was conducted by Colonel McAmmond, assisted by Brigadier Burton and Major Cornick. Capacity audiences attended each of the series of meetings, and the enthusiasm that prevailed throughout may be taken as some indication of the stimulating benefits that will be seen in coming days.

On the arrival of the train at Corner Brook on Friday, the visiting Officers were met and given a hearty welcome by Officers, Soldiers and Life-Saving Guards, as well as many friends of The Army. At 5 p.m. an afternoon tea was served by the Home League.

A united welcome meeting was held at night, when addresses of welcome were delivered by Commandant Oake, Adjutant Payne, Captain Patey, Envoy Butler, Bandmaster Powell, and Guard-Leader Legge, each branch of The Army being represented by the speakers.

On Saturday morning and evening the Officers met in Council with the Colonel and Staff.

At night a united Soldiers' meeting was held. Needless to say this meeting was well attended, while the Colonel's address on keeping up The Army standards, was attentively listened to. Thirteen seekers came forward to re-consecrate themselves before the meeting closed.

Sunday was a great day. The Holiness meeting, conducted by the Col-

onel, was well attended, and his message well received. Two more seekers re-consecrated themselves to God.

The first Congress March to take place at Corner Brook, left the Citadel shortly after 2 o'clock, led by the Staff and Field Officers, followed by the united Bands, Life-Saving Guards and Soldiers, the spirit of the comrades being considerably aroused by the lively music. Returning to the Citadel, we were again given a treat. After a song, prayer was offered by Rev. M. Wilkinson, United Church Minister, and Brigadier Burton introduced Magistrate Vatcher as chairman of the meeting.

The Magistrate was given a warm welcome, and to judge from his manner, felt quite at home. The Colonel's lecture, entitled "Forty Years of Salvation Army Warfare," was a splendid one and was listened to with rapt attention. Captain Simmons soloed. A vote of thanks was proposed by S. E. Williams, Esq., and moved by Dr. W. J. Cochrane, of the Corner Brook Hospital.

At the night Salvation meeting over seven hundred people were in attendance, and we rejoiced to register ten seekers when the meeting closed at a late hour.

The united Bands of Corner Brook (Bandmaster Martin) and Humbermouth (Bandmaster Powell) gave good assistance at these meetings and rendered inspiring music.

On Monday, the Colonel entrained for Canada, when a large crowd of Officers, Soldiers and friends met at the station to bid him farewell.

FLOWER SERVICE

AT ST. JOHN'S

Promoted Warriors Remembered as Salvationists Gather on Sacred Ground

ON SATURDAY afternoon, July 24th, Salvationists and friends wended their way to the Cemetery, where a Flower Service was conducted by Brigadier Burton. The day was fine, its serenity blending well with the occasion.

As the singing of the congregation, mingling with the strains of the Band, was wafted on the quiet air in such old songs as "Forever with the Lord," "We speak of the realms of the blest," and "Above the waves of earthly strife," the grandeur of our hope is Christ pulsated our souls and elevated our thoughts.

After the opening song, Ensign Haggitt led in prayer, Bandsman Alan Pynn soloed, Ensign Brown read a Scripture portion and expressed sympathy with those more recently bereaved. Major Marsh spoke on the gift of immortality, and the Male Quartet sang.

Brigadier Burton gave a short address on "Through the valley and shadow of death, Thou art with me," and referred to the certainty of all having to pass that way. Mention was made of the warriors, who slept in the sacred ground beneath our feet: Major Peter Sainsbury, Adjutant Moulton, Mrs. Adjutant French and other comrades. He recalled the knowledge of the fulfilment of the promise "Thou are with me," made to The Army Mother, and other great artists as they came to the River, and closed with the exhortation to those present to be faithful to be end.

After the singing of a song, and prayer by Mr. W. B. Jennings, the Band played a selection, while flowers were placed on the graves.

LIFE-SAVERS INCREASE

The Life-Saving Guard Troop of St. John's I, under the leadership of Ensign Marion Barter, made their first appearance for the year on July 3rd, when, accompanied by the St. John's I Citadel Band, they took part in the Annual War Memorial Service.

Again on July 5th the Troop gave an interesting and instructive program, consisting of First-Aid Pageants. The Troop has been steadily progressing, and as an evidence of interest displayed, their numbers are increasing.

1894, and served God and The Army faithfully all through the ensuing years. She was ill for quite a while, and was ready for the Call.

We shall miss her very much in amongst us, but we will not forget her testimony. It was always full of triumph, and she was never tired of witnessing to her Saviour's love and power.

The funeral service was conducted by Fld.-Captain A. McKay. A large company of comrades and friends gathered at the home of our departed Sister, where an address was delivered by the Captain. The service at the graveside was very impressive. Envoy J. Offutt soloed, "It's true there's a Beautiful City."

Our sympathy is with the bereaved family.—J. Offutt, Envoy.

IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

Bookings to and from the Old Country and to all parts of the World

Make your arrangements through The Army

PASSPORTS SECURED

Passengers met at Railroad Stations and Ocean Docks

NEW LOW FARES

Write to-day for particulars to the Secretary:—

Dundas and Victoria Building, Toronto, Ontario.
808 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ontario.
1225 University Street, Montreal, Quebec.

And There Is No More Death

SISTER MRS. S. IRELAND, Sault Ste. Marie I

Our ranks have been broken again by the passing of a loyal and devoted Comrade, Sister Mrs. S. Ireland. Over twenty-five years our Sister worked in the Corps, holding several Local Officer's positions, both Senior and Junior. It was a delight for her to render service for God and The Army that may help and bless the people, and she is now reaping the reward of her faithful labours in the Land of eternal bliss.

For over four years her health was failing, and many times when the weakness of the body sighed for rest, she was found at her post of duty, doing her best for God and souls. The Officers visited her often during the last days of her illness, and found her with a firm faith in Jesus. She bore her suffering with great patience and was ready always to say, "Thy will be done."

The funeral service was conducted by Major and Mrs. Hillier, and was attended by a large number of comrades and friends. The high esteem in which our comrade was held was shown by the procession of citizens that followed the remains to the Cemetery.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Brother Ireland, and the family in their hour of bereavement.

In the Memorial Service several Comrades spoke of her godly and faithful life.

Envoy Dawson recently addressed the members of the Guelph Kiwanis Club on The Army's Prison Work, more particularly in connection with the Reformatory in that city. It is of interest to note that Mrs. Commissioner Hay's occasional visits to this institution have been much appreciated by the staff and inmates.

SISTER MRS. DAVIS, Quebec

The Master has called to Himself another of His servants—Sister Mrs. Dinah Davis. Our comrade was a Salvationist for forty-five years, and six years ago came to Quebec to live with her daughter, Mrs. Adjutant Van Roon. While in Quebec she made a host of friends, who came to know her as a true Christian, one who was always willing to help others, and never doubted God's will.

Since taking her illness, last December, she has looked forward to the Master's coming, and in her suffering she never complained, but always had a bright smile for anyone who visited her.

Just before passing away, she exclaimed, "He is coming."

Following the funeral service, in Quebec, the remains were taken to Mrs. Davis' home town, Aurora, where the funeral service was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Sims, assisted by Staff-Captain Bunton.

The funeral was largely attended by relatives and friends of our departed comrade. During the service Mrs. Captain John Geiger sang feelingly. Captain John Geiger, who had known our departed comrade for some years, and was associated with her while stationed in Quebec, spoke a few words about her life and influence. A large crowd gathered at the graveside, where a short service was led by Lieut.-Colonel Sims.

May God comfort and bless the bereaved.

BROTHER JOHN BOULTON, Brock Avenue

In the Brock Avenue (Toronto) Citadel, on Monday afternoon, a goodly number attended the funeral service of Brother John Boulton, father of Adjutant Sid Boulton, of New Glasgow. The funeral was conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Byers (R). Representatives from Todmorden, Riverdale, and Brock Avenue Corps were all present to pay their last tribute to their comrade's good Soldiership in these Corps.

Brother C. Arrow-smith, Snr., spoke very feelingly of over forty years' ago when, as young men, they fought side by side as Soldiers of the Brownhills Corps, in England, and also during these last eight years in Canada. Brother George Mills, at one time Bandmaster of Todmorden, and Adjutant Froude, of Hamilton V, both paid high tribute to our comrade.

The Band led the procession part way to the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where the remains were interred.

Great sympathy is extended to the family.—Charles Arrowsmith.

MRS. ENVOY R. BRYANT, Port Simpson, B.C.

We have to report the passing away of the oldest veteran Tsinpsean, soul-winner, in our native work. Mrs. Envoy R. Bryant, a Sister who helped to blaze the trail for us all since The Army "opened fire" among the Tsinpseans.

Our comrade became a Soldier in



Mrs. Davies, Quebec



Brother Boulton, Brock Avenue

SEEK!

It is not enough merely to desire supreme things.
They must be sought after.
Jesus' said: "SEEK YE FIRST"

Head-Hunters'

Sons are Soul-winners—
Chief's banished nephew
now Army Cadet

HARDLY a generation removes the very fine race of present-day Toradjas from barbarism. Would you believe it fifty of them are now working as Salvation Army Officers in Celebes? A promising young Toradjan now being trained for Officership is the nephew of a chieftain. When he confessed to conversion through The Army his uncle banished him for five years to an all-Mohammedan island. But isolation did not change the lad's heart, which was now set upon following Jesus Christ. During the difficult time of banishment he became known as mighty in faith

My Favorite Quotation

MOST young people have a favorite quotation. It has become lodged in the mind because of the blessing it carried or the new impulse it originated; or perhaps its harmless humor brought cheer on a day of gloom, and, therefore, we cherish it. At any rate it is our favorite quotation!

Do you not think that it would be helpful if we shared these heart-throbs with one another? Who knows how much blessing or cheer would result to "War Cry" readers from the printing of your favorite quotation? And what fine material for a scrap-book!

Now, get your pen and paper, and write, in a clear, legible manner, the quotation you desire to submit—whether poetry or prose, the work of a well-known or little-known author, Scriptural or anonymous—giving, if at all possible, its source. Do not fail to include your full name and address, and mail to The Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

"For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

Taken from Tennyson's "Morte D'Arthur"—the above is part of the last speech of "King Arthur" to "Sir Bedivere."

Jean Haddrell,
Dauphin, Man.

and prayer. And now he has prevailed and, in due course, will be an Army Officer working among his own people.

Foremost among the impressions left upon the mind of the visitor to this portion of The Army's battlefield in the Dutch East India is the virility of the young people being trained to Army ways in the villages.

"The Officer at Torro," says one visitor, "is the son of a once-notorious head-hunter. He came out to meet us miles away from his Corps and with him was the Young People's

"No man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature," said Jesus. No, if desires must be expressed in words, still more, if they are to become effective, must they
▲▲▲▲▲ find manifestation in deeds ▲▲▲▲▲

He Was a Prisoner in a Crock

Boy's Plight Analogous to that of many
whose Heads are Stuck Fast in Worry

DO YOU WORRY? Read this Story:

AN earthenware crock which a boy, playing policeman, had put on his head as a helmet slipped down and stuck fast. The boy made a record resignation from the police force, and his muffled howls attracted prompt attention.

His alarmed mother tugged at the crock until the boy's face was sorely bruised, then excited neighbors took turns until his neck was painfully twisted.

Meanwhile the howling boy was suffering terrifying visions of lifelong imprisonment, as secure as in a dungeon, and of his head from year to year growing larger and tighter in the crock. The poor boy's trouble shut him in from all the rest of the world with an ingrowing imagination. But that is only what anyone's trouble of any sort is apt to do for one.

The mother, the father (who had been sent for) and a half-hundred neighbors, who had invited themselves under the delusion that curiosity is sympathy, finally settled down to solemn conclave and decided that, since the crock had slipped on, it must be possible for it to be slipped off again, but that only a skillful surgeon could perform the delicate operation.

A delegation was on its way with the boy to a surgeon's office, when a resourceful motorman, seeing the situation, smashed the crock with his controller handle.

Thus, by the simplest of processes, the boy's trouble was suddenly ended. And it is by equally simple and direct

Flute Band and the school-children who receive their education under The Army Flag.

"A turn of the road brought us to a wide plateau. Here the children broke away, dancing and singing with hilarious abandonment. The girls, like gorgeous butterflies, their feet seeming hardly to touch the ground, the boys dancing, too, and playing their flutes. On ahead they moved, then back to us, singing Army choruses, until the Officer's Quarters were reached.

"In similar style their parents had greeted returning warriors. Then it had been men's heads, held aloft upon conquering spears and not The Army Flag which had held their devoted attention.

"When the night closed in, the people from the village began to crowd about the door of the Officer's house. Some came inside and sat down, with them the old chief, next the Captain, with his hand on the Salvationist's knee. It was very beautiful—new-born souls gathering in the house of their spiritual father to pray. This was their nightly custom!"

processes that most of the troubles of the majority of us may be ended.

With our heads stuck fast in worries, we rack our brains over a thousand roundabout ways of slipping them off—and the harder we tug at them the more they hurt—but we overlook the simple expedient, which should first have occurred to us, of smashing the crock.

Like the lad, we see terrifying visions of the future; we suffer our feelings to be cruelly lacerated, we run here and there for sympathy and advice and help, and it does not occur to us how easy it is just to break the crock.

Most of the crocks that seem to slip down over our heads are merely imaginary, anyway. They require no street-car controller handle to smash them. All they call for is a mental, and by that we most usually mean a spiritual, controller handle.

Did it ever occur to you that most of our troubles come, as this lad's did, through trying to appear what we aren't?

OUR OPEN FORUM

A column on this page will be open for the presentation and discussion of matters that have a bearing on the life of young people. Questions may be asked; personal problems dealt with; the story of conversion given; a written testimony or the account of an adventure in Christian warfare—in fact, letters will be welcomed concerning the hundred and one things that have to do with the youth of to-day. We invite the young folk in their 'teens and early twenties to write, care of the Editor, "The War Cry (Open Forum)," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter, as a warning to all young people. These last few weeks, I have tried the pleasures of the world, but cannot say that I received any true happiness. God has been speaking to me for quite a while, and I have turned a deaf ear to His Still Small Voice. I have been a great disappointment to my mother and my stepfather, who is an ex-Officer of The Salvation Army, also to all who are concerned about me. I have no one to blame, only myself. I deserted Christ, He did not leave me. I wish I had never turned from the Straight and Narrow Path.

I go to a Corps in the city here, where people have been praying for and pleading with me.

I hope this letter will be a warning to all young people, and that soon, I shall be back in The Army, serving My Lord, who truly has been very gracious to me.

I greatly request the prayers of God's people, and trust this letter may be helpful.—A Backslider, Toronto.

Answer—It is good that you see in your present condition "a warning"; but most of all it is a warning to

Dignity & Beauty

Gracious mystery surrounds the natural charm of human character

"**H**OW fine a face that man has!" said the young woman as she caught a passing glance as he was leaving an office. He had been very sick and had learned many lessons; they had left their mark on his countenance.

There is always a certain amount of enchantment about a beautiful character. There can be none but who knows what it is to meet those whose quality and beauty of character we admire and esteem. How one is thrilled by the dignity of its gracious mystery, its rare, delicate sympathy, its natural charm.

Few there be in this transitory life of ours who has not in his mind the ideal of what he would like to be. The loftier and nobler the ideal, the more God-like will the character become. Each character, and its beautiful thoughts and beautiful actions, is an exquisite proof, a living practical witness on earth of the power and glory of God. What are the effects of a beautiful and strong character upon those with whom it comes in contact? They are so outstanding that he who runs may read.

As a first thought we would say that it is the divine inspiration which it continually inspires in the hearts of others towards the love of moral beauty. In the second place, it is the example of such a character, with its tremendous influences for good, which cannot be over-estimated. It shines forth with radiant beauty, like some bright, serene star, guiding with the glory of its light the footsteps of wanderers, lest peradventure they stumble through the darkness of the world.

yourself, dear endangered one. Your experience, showing the vanity of the expectation of those who look for "true happiness" in the much-vaunted "pleasures of the world," is but another contribution to the sum of human knowledge already accumulated in this way.

But now you say God has been speaking to you and you have turned a deaf ear to His "Still Small Voice." Well may you term yourself a disappointment and a deserter. But you will never be back in The Army and in the service of the God who has been so gracious to you if you depend upon the prayers of others. We ask "War Cry" readers to join in praying for you, but the essential which is most urgently required is action—on your own part—a returning unto God, with a turning away from evil; a contrite confession to Him of your wrong-doing, with fervent appeal in the Name of Jesus for His forgiveness. Will you do this, and at once? It is your only hope. You know the way; walk in it.

One word more—Beware of the capital I which, figuring thirteen times, opens each paragraph of your letter.—Ed.

Friends are seeking You!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.
One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.
Address Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.
In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

MURPHY, John Joseph—Last known address was Desrivers Avenue, Montreal. Left Old Country in June, 1906. Age 51; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; black hair; grey eyes. Native of Rotherhithe. Barge builder by trade. Sister anxious to hear from him. 346

JACQUES, Henry—When last heard of was at Rockingham Post Office, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Age 63; height 6 ft.; grey hair; grey eyes; native of Beverley, Yorkshire. Anyone knowing present whereabouts please communicate. 298

MOULTON, James Edward—Native of Southport, England. Will he communicate with The Salvation Army, or will anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate. Mother anxious for news. 458

BENSON, Charles—Age 62; tall; stout; bald-headed; blue eyes. Born Sweden. At one time in California. Thought to have gone to Alaska. 556

PEDRE, Albin Henry (known also as Henry Carlson)—Born July 9th, 1904, in Sundsvall, Sweden. Last heard of in January, 1931, from Lindor, B.C. Parents in Sweden anxious to hear from him.

JOHANNESSEN, Olaf Marsellus—Birthplace, Morkve, Bodin, Norway, February 6th, 1870. Tall; brown hair; blue eyes; average frame. Married to a lady of Swedish descent. Last heard of at Ferney, Alaska. Sister in Norway anxious for news. 532

RUSSELL, Delbert—Age 24; medium height; blue eyes; brown hair; slight hair lip. Missing since 1930, when working in Washago, Ontario. His whereabouts is urgently sought. 555

SVEEN, Ole Severin—Born May 19th, 1876; average height; blonde hair; blue eyes; occupation, salmon fisher. Last heard of October, 1914. In 1928 he was

fishng at Cape Omoney. Brother in Norway anxious for news. 569

SAAVE, Edward—Born in Avanger, Age 29; medium height; dark brown hair; brown eyes. Last known address Saskatoon, Sask. Parents in Norway anxious for news. 577

JONASSEN, Bjarne Julius—Born in Bjornor, Norway, dark brown hair; brown eyes; age 28. When last heard of was in Montreal. 578

LAMB, Alfred—Age 32; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; mark on right side of face. 581

WILKINSON, Mary Jane and Elizabeth—Age about 50; fair complexion. Born in Cumberland, England. Last known address, Toronto (1887). Went to Canada from Whitehaven, Cumberland, England. Brother enquires. 581

FOSTER, Lesley (Miss)—Last address, Argyle Street, Regina, Sask. Possibly at Humboldt, Sask. Age 21; height, 5 ft 3 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes. Native of Newbiggin-by-the-Sea. Mother anxious for news. 947

WELSH, John Frederick—Came out to this country through The Salvation Army, 1912. Missing since 1929, when he was living in Toronto. Anyone knowing present whereabouts, please communicate, mother anxious for news. 44

TURNER, James George—Age 45, height, short; black hair and eyes; sallow complexion. Born in London, England. Slender build; clean shaven; glass signwriter by occupation. Last heard of in Toronto. Anyone knowing present whereabouts, please communicate. 397

REGGIE, Frederick—Age 24; height 5 ft. 9 in.; fair hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Native of London, England. Last heard from Rose Town, Alberta. 401

GALSWORTHY, Earnest George—Came to Canada in August, 1929. Last heard of at Pakenham, Quebec. Age 21; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; brown hair; grey eyes. Native of Southampton. 425

TRANDUM, Ole Andreassen—Age 50; dark hair; blue eyes. Born in Eldsvoll, Norway. 434

SIMPSON, David Masterton—Once played in Clydebank Salvation Army Band. Age 33; height 5 ft. 9 1-2 ins.; black hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Came to Canada in 1923, and it is thought he went to Winnipeg. 448

BURLINGTON, Thomas—When last heard of was staying at Central Hotel, East Vancouver. Sister in Australia anxious to hear from him. 465

GRASP YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

"Success depends upon readiness and action when the opportune moment arrives!"

SOMEbody has said: "Failure is blindness to the strategic element in time: and success depends upon readiness and instant action when the opportune moment arrives!"

James Watt was not the first man who had seen the steam lift the lid of the kettle, but he was the first to see the possibilities latent in the fact, and to allow his mind to develop the idea until he evolved an engine which, improved upon later by George Stephenson, was the beginning of transportation by the power of steam.

When we realize that we are stewards of every opportunity placed in our hands, for which we shall be held eternally responsible, we shall look on them with more serious eyes. We can never measure the ultimate value of any of them. Think of the tremendous importance to the world of James Watt's utilization of the power of steam and compare it with the apparently trifling suggestion presented to his mind by the rising and falling of the kettle lid.



So it is with opportunity in the life of the Salvationist. You can never tell what may be the final result of your faithful use of any least opportunity presented by your daily life and service. But if you cultivate the true steward's integrity of purpose and faithfulness to your God-given obligations, you will gain in power to perceive and readiness to lay hold of the opportunities as they pass, and to make the most of them for the glory of God and the Salvation of the world.

BINGLEY, William—Age 69; height 5 ft. 7 in.; grey hair; blue eyes; ruddy complexion. Born in Napanee, Ontario. Traveller. May be in British Columbia. Son anxious to locate him. 496

HAGA, Olaf Jansen—Age 34; fair hair; blue eyes; born in Baldersheim, Norway. Last heard of in Montreal. 497

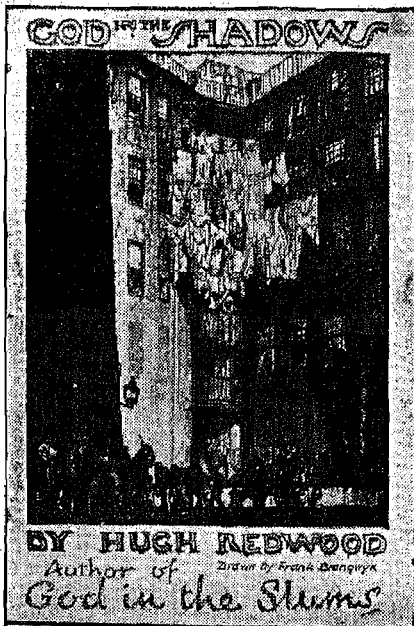
ANDERSON, Albert Ferdinand—Last heard of in Montreal. Grey eyes; born in Gaulof, Sweden; age 22 years. Parents anxious for news. 508

MILNER, Harry—Age 25; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair; grey eyes; fresh complexion. Born in Hanley, Stock-on-Trent, England. Painter. 511

RADFORD, Frank—Age 55; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; light brown hair; hazel eyes. Last heard of in Toronto. 517

QUACKENBUSH, Fred—Age 25; height 6 ft. 1 1-2 ins.; fair hair; blue eyes; weighs 182 lbs. Missing four years. 520

GRAHAM, George R.—Was a school teacher. Late of Port Carling, Ontario. 522



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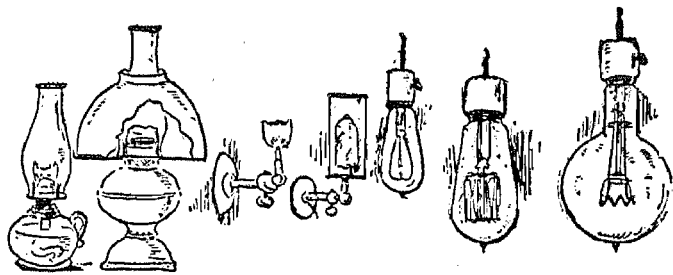
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*****A***PAGE***FOR***EVERY***MEMBER***OF***THE***FAMILY*****

YOU say you have a house to create, and a family to enjoy, and enough work; but do you know that you have these, do you enjoy them enough? For the rest read, and realize the whole world thereby. This page will help.



The Evolution of Lighting During Fifty Years

THE next major lighting development, strangely enough, was not seen until there came to light the invention of William Murdoch who, in the year 1792, lighted his home and office at Redruth, Cornwall, England, with coal gas. Some of us can recall the hissing flare of a naked flame which was capable of poisoning any plant kept in the same room.

FROM JOLLY OLD CANDLE TIMES UNTIL NOW

A Second Article Reviewing the Advancement of Man's Slow Conquest Over Darkness

with the development of electric lighting.

world, but it is a fact that without it much of our present civilization would be well-nigh impossible.

Space will not permit an elaboration of the almost countless difficulties and disappointments which the young inventor suffered, neither can we trace here the rugged road which led to his earlier successes. After many struggles, Swan succeeded in producing an incandescent lamp with a filament composed of carbon which did not waste away and which did not destroy the vacuum when the lamp was put into service. Thus was the world given, for the first time in history, a safe, flameless light source which could be controlled from a distance.

For twenty-five years this lamp continued to stir imagination of young and old alike. Most certainly its appearance in the metropolis was heralded with greater wonder than the earlier application of the internal

combustion engine to road transport—the coming of the electric lamp was everywhere regarded as the symbol of a new era. Henry James aptly focuses our attention on what he calls “the civil gift of light” in his description of . . . “certain tracts of London which are now less dreary by night than by day.” (To be continued)

STRANGE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOUND

Indicate That Many Dusk Columbuses Sailed Over the Broad Pacific

From the Institute of Human Relations at Yale, Helen S. Roberts laid before the American Association for the Advancement of Science some evidence that possibly many dusky Columbuses navigated the broad South Pacific Ocean far more than 1,000 years ago. Strange musical instruments and off-traits of “culture” told her story in chart and map form.

She found that these human peculiarities cropped up in a broad belt scattered in the islands all across the Pacific, into South America, up into Mexico, and the other direction to ancient India and even to the Mediterranean.

They appeared at too many different places to have developed spontaneously. Somehow the knowledge and skill of them was passed along a broad highway belting nearly two-thirds of the southern hemisphere.

The musical instruments include a flute blown by the nose, another of human bones, the conch trumpet and the gourd whistle. The customs include gluing down feathers to the body, training the hair in ridges burying human victims under house posts, distending the ear lobes and head-hunting.

A CHOICE GEM

Which Was Found in a Familiar Book

When Benjamin Franklin was ambassador to the French Court he was one of a circle of scholarly men who met frequently to discuss literary matters. It was their custom to bring to the gathering choice, rare bits of literature to be read and discussed. It was a time when scepticism was rampant and the Bible a hated book.

One day Franklin said: “Gentlemen, I have found a rare gem of literary beauty, which I have brought to read to you.” They listened keenly as he read through the Book of Ruth, making slight change so that its identity should not be suspected.

As he finished they were all enthusiastic in praise of its simple beauty, and inquired eagerly where he had found such a choice gem. He said, “In a book called the Bible.”

It is to the credit of Toronto that it has one of the largest libraries for the blind on this continent. Fourteen thousand volumes printed in the “feel” systems must be a great comfort to those who, without these books, would pass many a weary hour.



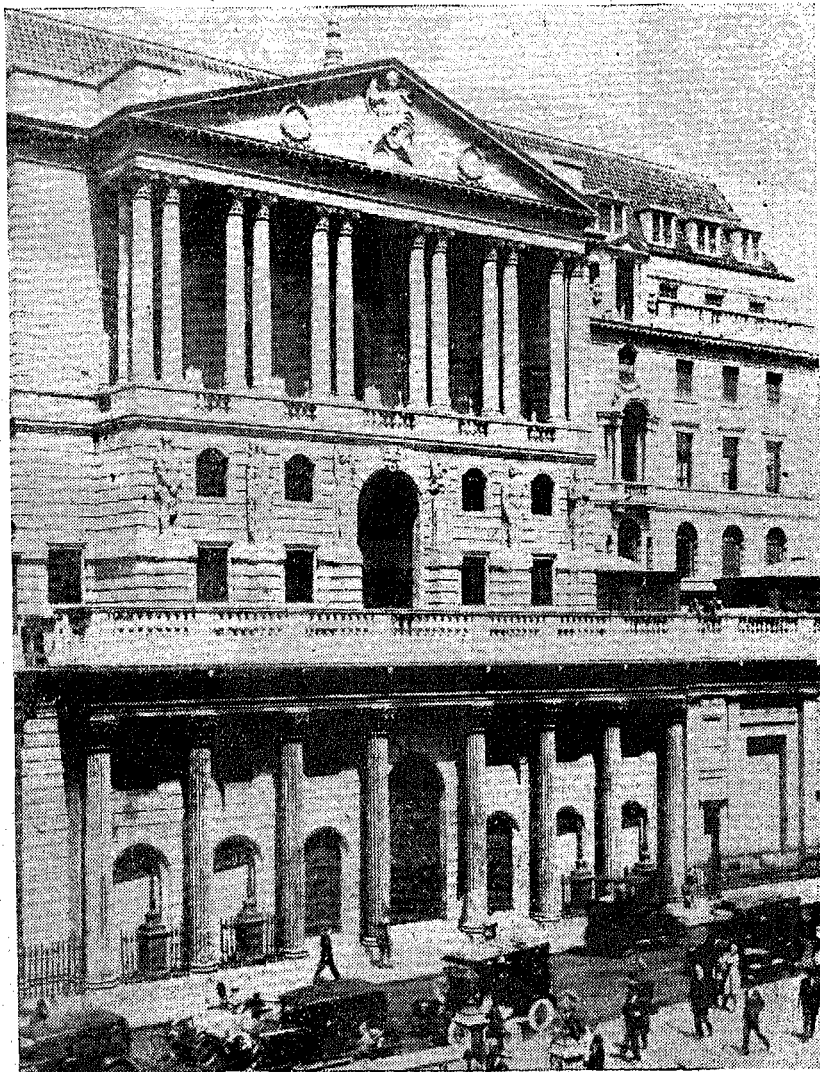
Bad for the complexion, hard on the eyes, and deleterious to general health was that crude illuminant, until its efficiency was imprisoned beyond all comparison by the introduction, in due course, of the incandescent mantle.

Yet, when all has been said in the behalf of every other form of lighting, no one will attempt to deny that the true romance of this branch of scientific service to the human race is contained in those records which deal

As a matter of fact, the chief manifestation of progress in this regard is contemporary history—its romance lies in the rapidity with which methods and systems are now becoming relatively ancient by virtue of the swifter passage of invention outdistancing the swift passage of time.

The invention of Swan not only revolutionized lighting throughout the

A VERY NEW “OLD LADY”



The Bank of England, famous throughout the world as “The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,” has fine new premises built within and upon the old walls

PEEPS INTO CHINA

III.—The Garden Within the Wall

AN EXILE returned to squat upon the wall, whence he gazed long and joyously at the well-remembered scene. And this was the picture spread before his view.

The temple of Fu Shen, over there among the clotted roses, the green roofs of the great low house just showing over the flower-flushed oleanders in the distance. The wide-spreading branches of the great banyan tree beyond the laughing, dancing cascade, almost hid the gay-colored temple, but did not hide it. A temple sacred to the God of Happiness never must be hidden or screened; it must catch every wayfarer's eye, that all who pass that way may take and share its infection of joy. The tallest of the bamboos in the clump between the temple and the banyan tree were fifty feet high. The banyan dwarfed them.

Marvellous Panorama

Water gleamed repeatedly; lakes, marble-edged tanks, laughing rivulets, lazy, motionless streams. Bamboos, flowers in careful profusion, well-swept paths of burnished sand for fine shoes, narrow stone paths winding in and out of the grains and vegetables that the farm servants tended, the persimmons and lemon trees, stones carved with characters that marked where the precious hordes of grapes were buried to keep fresh for years, others over there among the willows told where the great blocks of ice were buried. Blue-clad coolies working in a score of places; blue-clad coolies, moving across the fields and gardens, looked dots of color, paler-clad house servants in the courtyards looked atoms. The glistening green of the dragon's eye-trees; the horn-roofed pagoda on the azelea hill; the cypress trees that guarded the burial garden. (To be continued)

If in doubt—
Pray about it!

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY
in Canada, Alaska & Newfoundland

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1932
No. 2495 18 pp.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner
Price Five Cents

When sure—
Go ahead!

“IS IT YOU?” SAID HIS MOTHER

Two weeks at The Army's Fresh Air Camp at Jackson's Point
is liable to change the appearance of a slum youngster

HAIL! Hail! The gang's all here! The rest of the chorus a jumble, no one quite knew what followed—or bothered. The first line was the one these youngsters wanted to put across.

And put it across they did. The message, yelled by one hundred throats, at fortissimo — and then some—woke the echoes of Albert Street, pounded arrogantly against the sombre buildings, flung itself through the open windows and smote the ear-drums of the quietly-working pen-drivers like a tornado.

Albert Street sat up and took notice. So did we! A handy window gave us a glimpse of the massed choir—two bus-loads of it just drawing up to the curb outside Territorial Headquarters.

We were down stairs in a twice; this was too good to lose. “Hail! Hail!”—The choristers were still going strong, and seemed good for a real Histedfodd.

“Had a good time, son?” we greeted the first youngster to jump to the sidewalk. “You bet!” Curt, but eloquent.

“Hello, Tommy; you seem browned-up. How did you enjoy it?” “First rate, mister; got a fern.” He held up a small fern-root, carefully bound up in nature soil, which doubtless he would transplant in his “old home town,” to remind him of the jolly days in God's great open-air. He spied his mother and sped off with the fern.

There were other fern fans jumping out of the charas. Others carried wild flowers, and miscellaneous mementoes of their fourteen days of delight.

“Who're these?” A chubby-faced man nudged our arm and jerked his pipe in the direction of the laughing, brown-as-berries boys who were making a regular melee in front of the hub.

“They're from The Army's Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point. Just come back after a two-weeks' holiday.”

“Camp—holiday!” echoed chubby-face. Does The Army send many?”

“Quite a few. The third batch went this morning. These buses took them out and brought these back. There are about a hundred in residence at a time, and about five different hatches will be going to Camp this year.”

He was silent for a moment, puffing at his pipe, and evidently working it out.

“Five hundred, eh?”

“Yes, just about five hundred. The Army could send many more had it the wherewithal.”

“Ah! That's it.” Terse and eloquent, again.

A woman swam into our vision and captured our attention. “Is it you?” She seized her offspring and eyed him up and down.

The offspring nodded his head in affirmation, and the mother, evidently satisfied, led him off, both beaming. The change from white to brown can make a whole lot of difference to one's closest acquaintances.

“Hello! What sort of a time did you have?” We thought we'd make a final test of the effect of the Camp on the ‘gang.’ It was a young disciple of the “laugh and grow fat” brigade to whom we addressed ourselves this to whom we addresse dourselves this time.

“We cannot give the name by

which he is known on state occasions; but can only quote his pals, and call him “Fatty.”

Fatty, who carried a baseball bat, turned and winked a mischievous eye. “Dandy!” We were endeavoring to interpret that all-embracing reply to our satisfaction when he continued, “Swimming! Oh, boy!”

We waited, expectantly. And not in vain.

Fatty balanced his baseball bat on one finger, dropped it perilously near his interlocutor's favorite toe, and proceeded: “Went hiking—pic-nic in the woods—camp-fire, weiner roast and all—races, though I never won—games, he looked lovingly at his club

—picked berries—all sorts.”

Enough said! You can aid in this worthy effort. You can be a joy-bringer. If you would like to be, just send a cheque along to Commissioner Hay, at 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and turn up and see the youngsters leave for Jackson's Point with faces as bright as the sun.



You DON'T ALLOW WEEDS
TO GROW IN YOUR GARDEN
THEN WHY TOLERATE
GRUDGES IN YOUR HEART?

THE other day someone defined a weed as a plant whose virtue had not yet been discovered. But we cannot, by any stretch of the mind, imagine a grudge-concept with an intrinsic virtue!

Indeed, it is not necessary to attempt such a mental contortion. It would be decidedly fatuous to permit pestiferous growths to choke up one's garden; even if it were deeply felt that they were botanical “diamonds in the rough.” And when foolish people allow grudges to flourish within their hearts, choking and blighting their virtues, the situation is worse than fatuous—it is tragic!

Grudges discolor life and warp the perspective. Why harbor meannesses? Why tolerate backbitings? Cultivate virtue! Turn your mind with firmness upon the things of good report; then evil growths, lacking nourishment, will shrivel and die.